

The TATLER

& BYSTANDER



BY APPOINTMENT
CEREBOS LIMITED, TABLE SALT AND PEPPER MANUFACTURERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI.

Cerebos

Salt for dainty tables



SHERRY

GONZALEZ TIO PEPE

(Regd. Trade Mark)

PRODUCE OF SPAIN

McVITIE & PRICE

Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits

EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER



THE WELL BALANCED
LIQUEUR

COINTREAU

Extra Dry for England

Sole
Importers

W. Glendinning & Sons Ltd.
Newcastle upon Tyne 6.

MACANUDO



Jamaica's Best Cigar

By Appointment Purveyors of Cognac to the late King George VI.

COURVOISIER

★★★ COGNAC V.S.O.P.

The Brandy of Napoleon

Lindt

THE
CHOCOLATE
OF THE
CONNOISSEUR



By Appointment
Purveyors of Champagne



to the late
King George VI.

CHAMPAGNE Charles Heidsieck

REIMS

FINEST QUALITY



EXTRA DRY

Bulmer's Cider

the most popular cider of all



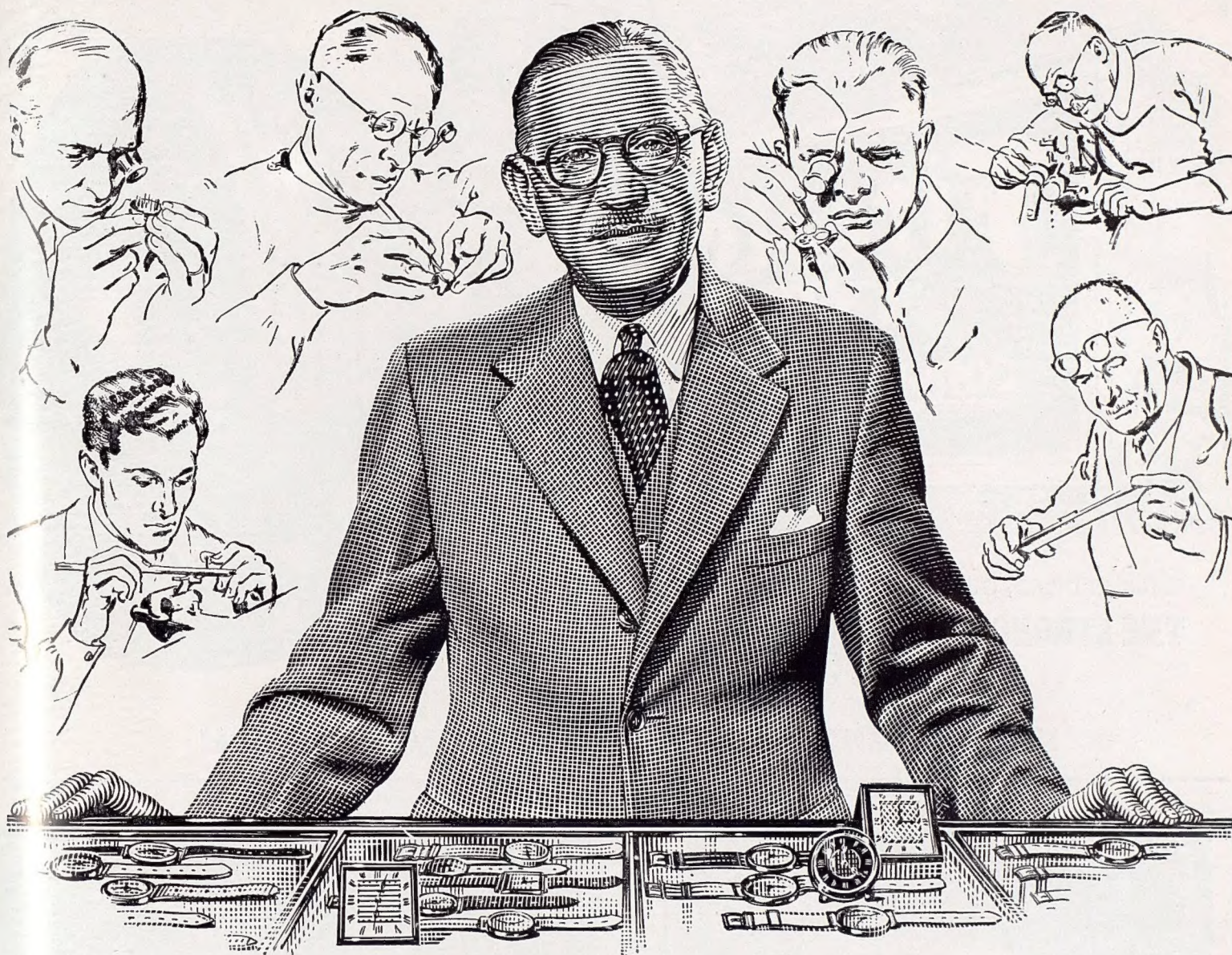
BY APPOINTMENT
CIDER MAKERS TO THE
LATE KING GEORGE VI.
H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD.
HEREFORD

SHERRY BEFORE DINNER



**THE HOUSE OF SEPPelt
AUSTRALIA**

TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS

*There are 50,000 experts at your jeweller's*

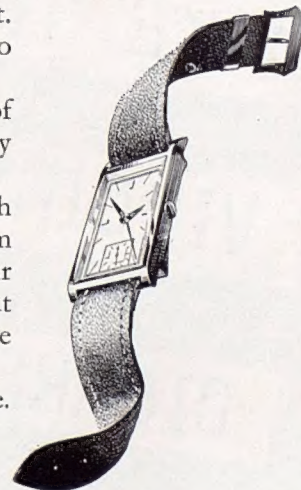
Do you think of your jeweller as just a man in a shop? He is much more than that. Although you cannot see them, there are 50,000 experts at his elbow, ready and keen to help him help you.

These 50,000 are the expert craftsmen of the Swiss watch industry. Three centuries of watchmaking tradition have bred in them that instinctive skill and meticulous accuracy which make Swiss watches renowned the world over.

The Swiss watch industry, which fashions these fine *jewelled-lever* watches with such skilful care, is anxious to ensure that only skilful and careful people should handle them as they pass from the maker to the wearer. That is why these 50,000 craftsmen give their help, their advice and their support only to the qualified jeweller. That is why no one but your jeweller can explain to you which are the good watches — can help you choose wisely — can ensure you efficient service when you need it.

Choose a good Swiss watch at your jeweller's and have 50,000 experts at your service.

Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard



The WATCHMAKERS



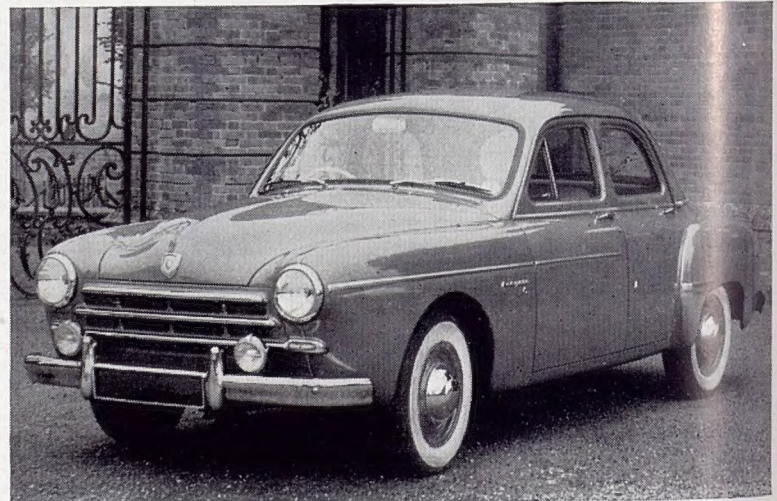
OF SWITZERLAND



TENSION-DRIED, GUM-DIPPED RAYON CORD MAKES **Firestone**
THE STRONGEST AND LONGEST WEARING TYRES
 YOU CAN BUY

Fit **Firestone LEAKPROOF** TUBES—they cost no more!

-ABDULLA -
 MAKE THE BEST
 VIRGINIA
 CIGARETTES*



Buy today... the car of tomorrow!

Sleek, swift and elegant, the Renault Frigate is a forerunner of the future. Mailed-fist power and velvet-glove performance make up its character. Economical too, the Frigate, thanks to its overdrive, showed a fuel consumption of as little as **31.5 m.p.g. at 50 m.p.h.** in a recent 'Motor' Test.

This spirited and beautiful car carries six passengers and their luggage in cushioned comfort. Standard fittings include heater and air-conditioner,

dual fog-lamps, windscreen washer, thief-proof steering lock, etc.

Ask your Renault dealer to show you the Renault Frigate—the car of tomorrow!

POINTS TO NOTE

• 4-cylinder O.H.V. engine • Removable liners • Aluminium cylinder head • Independent 4-wheel suspension • Turning circle only 32 feet • All accessories standard—no extra charges • Full range of spares always available.

RENAULT
 2 LITRE

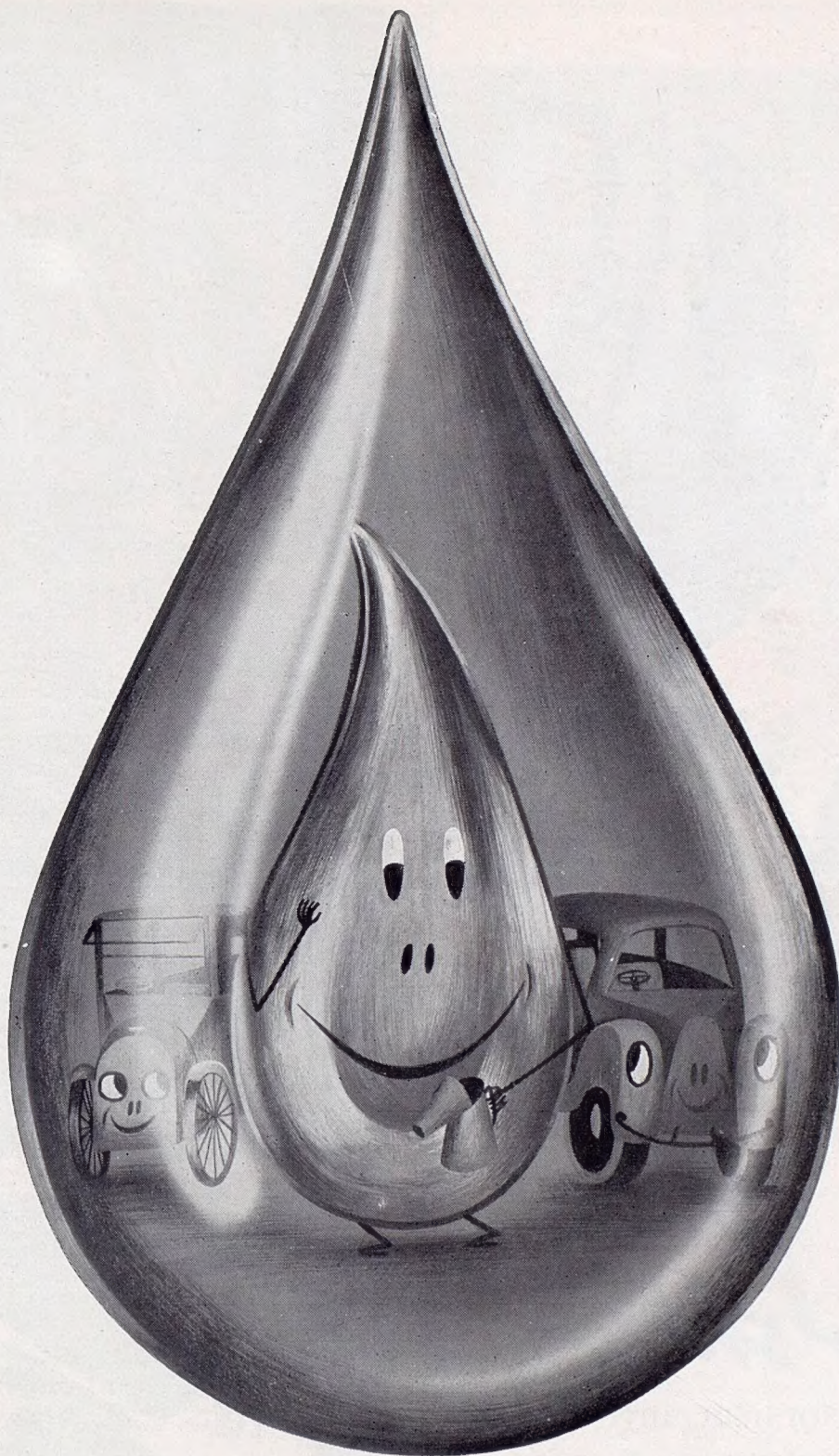
Frigate

Distributors throughout the United Kingdom

RENAULT LIMITED Western Avenue London W.3 Showrooms: 21 Pall Mall S.W.1

Established in Great Britain since 1897

CVS-274



Old friend or new
If you really care for your car
always use



ENERGOL

the SUPER oil

A PRODUCT OF ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY LIMITED, WHOSE SYMBOL IS THE BP SHIELD



lacquer sheen

controls your hair for hours invisibly!

Good-bye to that untidy look—here comes Lacquer Sheen to keep your hair well-groomed all day without combing! Whatever your hair-style, a light spray of Lacquer Sheen will position your hair for hours—come high winds or even showers! Lacquer Sheen acts like an invisible hair net. There's no hard, varnished look—your hair looks natural—that's the beauty of it! Ask for Lacquer Sheen in the new squeez-e-spray bottle 7/9. From top chemists, stores and hairdressers everywhere.

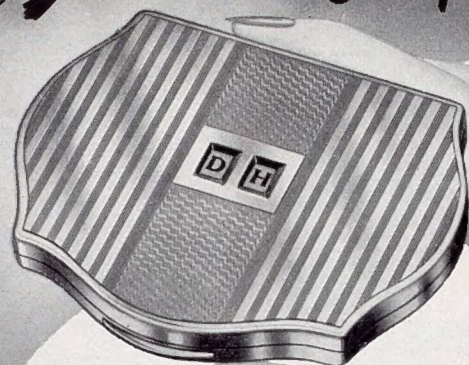


By Appointment
Hairdressers and
Perfumers

HAIR AND BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

66 GROSVENOR STREET • LONDON • W.1 MAYFAIR 5245/6/7

The Stratton INITIAL Compact



Personalized for you

A Stratton Compact truly personal to yourself, with your own initials on it. Beautifully engine turned, gilt finish. Fitted automatic opening inner lid. Ideal for yourself—charming as a gift.

COMPACTS
by
Stratton
THE ONLY COMPACT WITH
THE SELF-OPENING INNER LID.

Stores and Jewellers have a large range of Stratton Compacts from 20/- to 100/-
Manufacturers:
Jarrett, Rainsford and Laughton Ltd., Warstock Road, Birmingham, 14

Lace

... makes "Serenade"
the shoe of the moment ...

in black, navy
and white
at £6.12.6

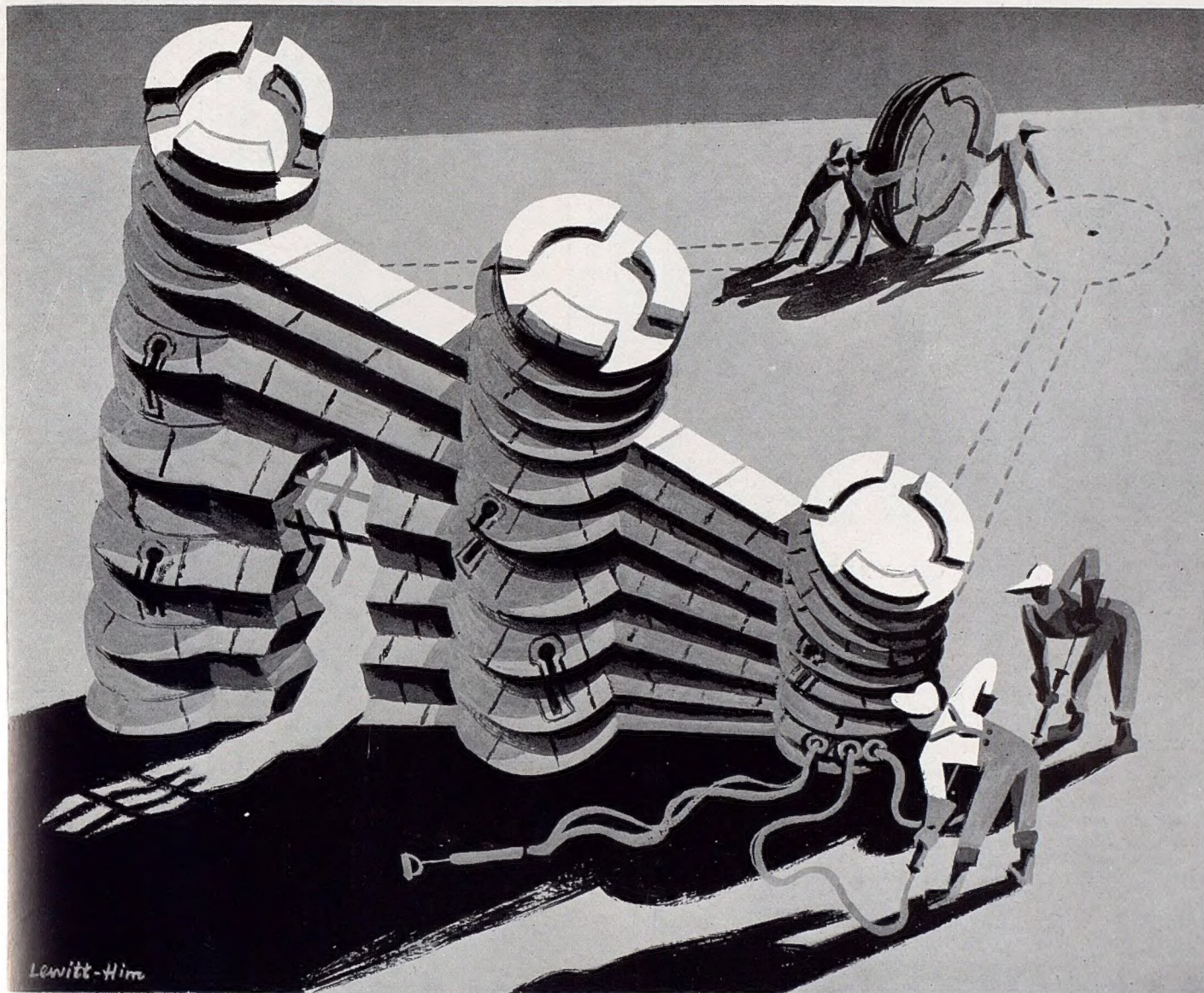


"Mantilla"—the ever-young answer
for lounging comfort. In black and white
at £4.17.6

Available from
Fortnum & Mason, 181 Piccadilly, W.1 &

Gamba

at 46 Dean Street, W.1 and 55 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3



The Schweppshire Way of Life

4. THE SCHWEXPORT DRIVE

It has been well said (Bricey *Yarns of an Old Economist*) that exports are not exportable unless they are portable. It will not surprise many to learn that Schweppshire provides its own typically individual answer to this typical problem.

ENGLISH HERITAGE CO., LTD., (write Room D, 619 Beltane Road) gives this message from the Old World to the New. In former days the need was met by taking to pieces very old Suffolk barns and putting them together again in exact replica, with the rats' nests pasteurised, somewhere in the U.S.A., often Florida.

Occasionally, extremely ruined castles were treated in the same way. The picture shows, we hope, an advance. Rather small, light, pneumatic thirteenth century castles are put up in England and immediately taken down again. Deflated, they are shipped in



slim wrappers across the Atlantic to, say, Baltimore. Here they can be pumped up and filled, for authenticity, with genuine English air which has been flown over in canisters similar to those we employ for delivering Genuine Club Atmosphere to West 44th Street.

Dummy Countesses, family ghosts (see inset), splendid old butlers and trustworthy old gardeners in a range of six colours, can be supplied as extras. AND DO NOT FORGET our Daisies Pied made of specially treated indiarubber with genuine Warwickshire soil at the roots and packed by our subsidiary LittleHedgerow Flower Co.: AND our genuine Sussex thatch suitable for telephone booths or very low skyscrapers: or our Easy-to-Pack White Cliffs of Dover in sections made of Plastic Nuchork — can be cleaned with the wipe of a cloth.

Written by Stephen Potter, designed by Lewitt-Him.

SINCE MID-VICTORIAN TIMES



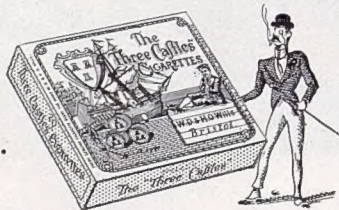
AN AFFAIR OF TASTE

Artist (who thinks the Royal Academy ought to give his Landscape a room all to itself). "WHAT SHOULD I GET FOR IT?"

Sir Gorgius Midas (who doesn't know anything about Art, but knows what he likes—and what he doesn't!). "SIX MONTHS!!!"

[Collapse of Our Artist. But struck by a Happy Thought, he proffers one of those exquisite "THREE CASTLES" Cigarettes, and under its Beneficent Influence, Sir G. is beguiled into purchasing the Masterpiece—for a Fiver!]

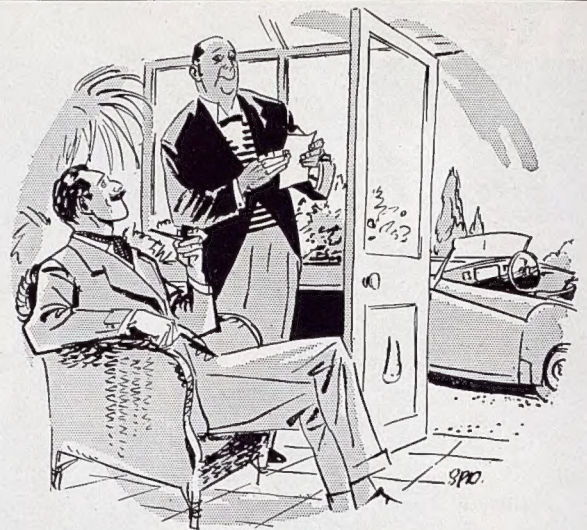
20 for 3/11d.



It's always been
THE "THREE CASTLES"
CIGARETTES
for The Quality

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

TT1751



HAPPY WARRIOR

"It's come, Mr. Gerald — a pressing note from the Colonel. He says the old Unit wants me back and he hopes the Dunkirk Spirit still lives on."

"What, Hawkins, will be the nature of your Home Guard duties?"

"Night manoeuvres, sir. Some of the ablest dart players have left the neighbourhood—and you may recall that I led the

Team to victory in '43."

"An occasion I am unlikely to forget, Hawkins! . . . Should you ever celebrate a comparable victory, I trust you will not overlook your nightcap of Rose's Lime Juice."

"Wisdom, Mr. Gerald, comes with advancing age. Would you care for a glass of gin and Rose's now?"

"Nice work, Sergeant Hawkins."

ROSE'S LIME JUICE
for Gin and Lime

ROSE'S ALSO MAKE FINE FRUIT SQUASHES

The spot to be in

Life has 'Continental' charm at the Imperial, Torquay. Tropical palms, blue skies, your own sunny beach, tennis, squash . . . or just relax in the luxury of Europe's finest seashore hotel. Write for Brochure AU.

The *Imperial*
TORQUAY



Tele: 4301

The ENGLISH HOTEL in the MEDITERRANEAN MANNER



Teatime
for smart people
means —

"BERMALINE"

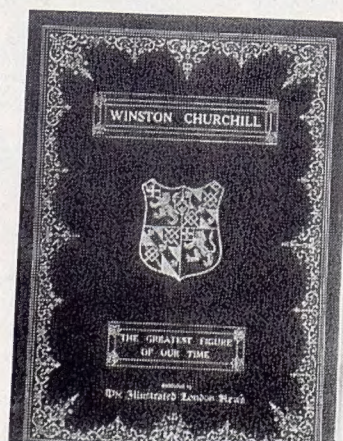
THE DELICIOUS MALT - SUGAR BREAD
Ask your Baker for it!

An 80th year tribute to WINSTON CHURCHILL

Here is a full, graphic and revealing account of the life of Sir Winston Churchill from babyhood until the present day, with about 200 illustrations of which 20 are in full colour. Price 10s. 6d.

A special Record
Number of The
**ILLUSTRATED
LONDON
NEWS**

NOW ON SALE—PRICE 10/6



REDNUTT



The finest sherry
shipped from Spain

Shipped and Guaranteed by
MORENO Y CA., JEREZ, SPAIN

In a 'dry martini'

better drink



MARTINI

DRY

He: This Dry Martini's a masterpiece.

She: It's a poem on ice, perfection.

He: And so simple. For a Dry Martini what could be more obvious than to make it with Martini Dry?

She: Does anybody doubt it?

He: No-one who knows about mixing a cocktail. After all it's the vermouth that *makes* a cocktail.

Both: And Martini makes the vermouth.

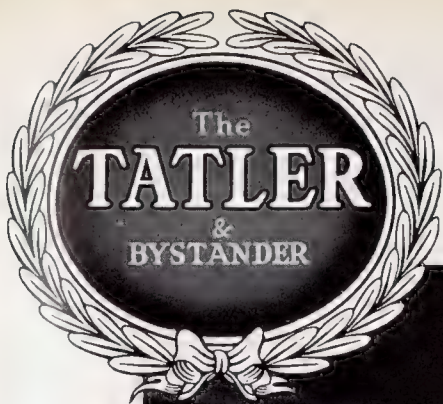


Choose the Loveliest

For looking your most glamorous self you'll naturally choose the breath-taking beauty of **Bear Brand Ultra-sheer Nylons**. There are, of course, *Medium Weight* and *Sheer* styles which are also incomparable for quality and value.



Bear Brand
Superfine
STOCKINGS



JUNE 16
1954

Volume CCXII. No. 2762. Postage: Inland 2d. Canada 1½d. Foreign 2½d. TWO SHILLINGS



Van Hallan

NOCTURNE IN A SUMMER GARDEN

BEHIND, the strains of dance music are softly heard; in front, the lily pond at which they are looking gleams palely in the starlight. Enjoying this open-air interlude are Mr. John Reddick, Mrs. Denis Wyner, Mrs. John Reddick and Mr. Denis Wyner, guests at the ball given at the Wentworth Club to raise funds for the Ascot branch of the N.S.P.C.C. More pictures of this excellent ball are printed on page 621

ETON WELCOMED SPORT AND SUN

THE Fourth of June, Eton's traditional summer celebration, was held amid glorious sunshine. Highlights of the day were the cricket matches and the procession of boats. Jennifer describes it on pages 622-3

Mrs. J. Wright takes a snapshot of her friends Miss Diana Sharpe, Mr. G. P. Robertson and Miss Jennifer Wright



The Head Waterman, Mr. A. G. Watts, directs the boats for the procession off Fellows' Eyot. The crew of the St. George were Messrs. J. M. Tennant (capt.), S. Buller, Shawcross, Lindsay major, Cobbold, Rena major, Nairn, Barrington-Browne and the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava (cox)



Among the many visitors was Miss Stella Wood, with her brother, Richard Wood, whose home is in Wrexham, N. Wales. They were going to watch the School XI play the Eton Ramblers



Miss Anne Mostyn-Owen and Miss Sarah Mainwaring were chatting to Michael Mostyn-Owen and John Mainwaring



Mrs. Patrick Parish, Anthony Parish and Mrs. Oliver Haskard, followed by E. G. Evans-Lombe and Christopher Parish



Mr. A. Bridgwater was escorting Miss Anabel Jayne, Miss Linda Horton and Miss Jennifer Dawson



Mr. and Mrs. A. Abel Smith (behind) with Sir Mark Palmer, Bt., Misses Carolyn Abel Smith, Antonia Palmer and Sally Ford



Col. T. P. Butler, Richard Butler, Mrs. Robin Hill, Miss E. Hill, Major Roland Hill, Mrs. Butler and Miss C. Butler

Swache



VISCOUNT ALTHORP and his wife, formerly the Hon. Frances Roche, leaving Westminster Abbey after the service. The guard of honour was provided by the bridegroom's regiment, the Royal Scots Greys

Social Journal

Jennifer

The Queen At Equerry's Abbey Wedding

THE Queen's first engagement after her return from Balmoral was to attend the wedding in Westminster Abbey of a childhood friend, Viscount Althorp, who is now one of her Equerries and was Acting Master of the Royal Household on the recent Commonwealth Tour. Her Majesty, who looked beautiful wearing a mushroom pink taffeta coat, a small black and pink striped hat and a mink stole, was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh.

The bride was the Hon. Frances Roche, younger daughter of Lord and Lady Fermoy, who wore a heavily beaded and embroidered faille dress with a long tulle veil held in place by a diamond tiara. Other members of the Royal Family at the wedding included the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Princess Royal, the Duke of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent and her two elder children, and the Earl of Athlone who, like the Queen, and more than a thousand guests, went on to the reception at St. James's Palace.

★ ★ ★

NEXT day Her Majesty, wearing a golden coloured grosgrain coat, little flowered cap and mink stole, went to Epsom to see the Derby in which her horse Landau was running. She was accompanied by all the other members of the Royal Family I have already mentioned with the exception of the Duke of Kent and the Earl of Athlone, and with the addition of the Duchess of Gloucester, and all went down to the paddock with her to see the horses before the big race. They were escorted by the Earl of Rosebery, the Earl of Derby, Sir Humphrey de Trafford,

Sir Eric Miéville and Major Mark Milbank, one of the members of the Household in attendance.

The result of the Derby was a surprise, not only to all racegoers in this country, but also to Mr. R. S. Clark, the American owner of the winner, who heard the result in New York. He has been a staunch supporter of racing in this country for many years and although the winner, Never Say Die, was bred in America, he is by the British sire Nasrullah.

SINCE the war several improvements have been made for the comfort of racegoers at the Epsom meetings and even on Derby Day friends I met were commenting on the splendid traffic arrangements. Mr. John Ferguson who won the Derby with Airborne in 1946 was receiving, with his wife, many congratulations on his Arabian Night, which starting at the same long odds as the winner, 33-1, finished second very strongly, and Sir Percy Loraine was there to see the unsaddling of Darius, who ran third.

It is only possible to mention a very few of those racing. These included the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, the Marquess and Marchioness of Abergavenny, the latter very neat in black, her parents, Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Jack Harrison, the Earl of Portarlington, Lord Howard de Walden, Capt. and Mrs. Charles Tremayne, the Earl and Countess of Durham, Lady Hardy, in black with a pale blue hat, Lord and Lady Manton, the latter looking lovely in blue, the Earl of Drogheda and his stepdaughter Mrs. Barrow, Sir Victor Sassoon, whose Elopement ran fourth in the Derby, the Duke of Beaufort having a drink with Lady Irwin, and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Thursby, whose annual Derby Eve cocktail party is always one of the best

parties of the season. Many of those I have already mentioned were among their guests.

Also watching the race were Lord and Lady Digby, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Blackwell, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Mullins, Miss Sharman Douglas with Mrs. Frank More O'Ferrall, Mr. and Mrs. Hans Barnard Hankey, and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lilley, who gave a joint party with the Earl of Carnarvon the following evening at the Café de Paris for the cast of *The Frog*.

★ ★ ★

IT was a brave effort for amateurs to attempt a play like Edgar Wallace's *The Frog*, with thirteen scenes, and I personally thought Mr. Billy Wallace's cast gave a wonderful performance. It was too long, it is true, but one goes to many professional first nights of equal length, followed by drastic cutting and speeding up before the play settles down. The outstanding acting performance was Lord Porchester's as the Cockney Detective-Sergeant Elk, while Mr. Billy Wallace, Mrs. Gerald Legge and the Hon. Dominic Elliot all played big parts extraordinarily well. It had meant weeks of hard rehearsal to produce a show as good as this, and great credit goes to all concerned for giving up much of their time to raise a really worthwhile sum, nearly £10,000, for the Invalid Children's Aid Association at 4 Palace Gate, W.8.

Much has already been written about the cast, so I will refer mainly to the audience. Princess Margaret was sitting in the circle on the opening night, and the following evening came with the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh and the Queen Mother. The Countess of Minto was sitting in the stalls with a family party including her son-in-law and elder daughter Mr. Henry and Lady Bridget Garnett, and her niece Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton who was in red. They were all watching the Hon. Dominic Elliot's performance with great family interest.

NEARBY were Viscount Margesson, the Hon. Mrs. Gilmour, Lord and Lady Mancroft with Mr. and Mrs. Robin McAlpine, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, the Duchess of Devonshire whose husband was taking part in the play, Capt. and Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochford, Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight, Viscount Boyle, the Marquess of Douro with Lady Rose McLaren, Noël Coward and Mrs. Ian and Lady Caroline Gilmour.

Many of the cast and the audience went on to the Four Hundred for supper, in fact it was so full there that Rossi had to tell several latecomers that there was no more room. This famous club, where in the past one used to go on more often



The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret arriving at Westminster Abbey for the wedding ceremony



Mr. Grahame-White, Mrs. S. Tolhurst, of the ball committee, and Col. J. Trevor watching the cabaret



Among the many guests who enjoyed this most successful ball were Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Tyrrell-Martin



Sharing a table were Miss L. Atkinson, Mrs. E. G. Fellows, who was also on the committee, and Lieut.-Col. H. F. Whiney

after supper, has now become not only fashionable for that meal but also for dinner from about nine o'clock onwards, members knowing they will have good food and always find their friends there, too. The Duke and Duchess of Argyll came on, and others having supper included the Earl and Countess of Derby, Mr. Bernard and Lady Margaret Viscount Cutsem, Viscount and Viscountess Ednam and his younger brother the Hon. Peter Ward.

★ ★ ★

THE Empire Games Ball at the Dorchester, which was organized in aid of the Empire and Commonwealth Games Appeals Fund, was a tremendous success. A feature of the ball was that the rather high aim of £4,000 was achieved, a really magnificent effort. Earl Alexander of Tunis, president of the ball, and Countess Alexander who drew the lucky programme numbers, had a big party and also received the guests. Others who had parties were the joint chairmen Mrs. Louis Pezaro, and Earl Beatty. The latter's guests included the Spanish Ambassador, Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight who came on after the theatre, Ann Lady Orr-Lewis, Mr. Stavro Niarchos, the Greek shipowner, and his lovely wife, and Lady Curtis-Bennett, vice-president of the ball. Sir Arthur Porritt, the great athlete, had a party of thirty at four tables and others who brought friends included Lord and Lady Luke, Sir Wavell and Lady Wakefield, Viscount and Viscountess Tarbat, Dr. and Mrs. Leonard Simpson and General Sir Leslie Williams.

Pictures will be found on pages 634-5.

★ ★ ★

ANOTHER great triumph was the first Rose Ball to be held since the war. This took place at Grosvenor House in aid of the forty-third Alexandra Day and was a very gay and happy affair, with plenty of young people present. When the Duchess of Kent, wearing a blue and white striped full-skirted dress, and a pearl and diamond tiara, arrived with Princess Alexandra, who looked sweet in a white dress printed with tiny floral sprays, they walked across the ballroom through a guard of honour of young girls holding garlands of pink Alexandra roses, which was most effective.

They sat at the table of Lady John Hope, the chairman, and with them were Major Philip Hay, Lady Rachel Davidson and Lady Moyra Hamilton who were in attendance, also Lord and Lady Herbert, Sir Richard and Lady Sykes, Mr. Raimund and Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal, lovely in white, the Hon. Robert Loder, and Lord John Hope who came on from his Parliamentary duties later.

This was Princess Alexandra's first charity ball and she appeared to be enjoying it enormously, dancing every number.

MRS. CHARLES NORTON, the vice-chairman, very elegant in steel grey satin, and Col. Charles Norton had a big party including the Mayor of Westminster and Mrs. K. Gordon Elsworth who had only taken office a few days earlier, Mr. P. A. Negretti and Mr. and Mrs. Terence Morrison-Scott. Sir Hartley and Lady Shawcross had a party at a nearby table including the Portuguese Ambassador, the Hon. Max and Mrs. Aitken, the latter in blue, and Mrs. John Taylor. At another table I saw Lord and Lady Dormer, Mrs. Grant Ferris with her débutante daughter Sheira who wore pink, Sir Jocelyn Lucas and Mr. Peter French-Davis.

There was an amusing cabaret and a splendid tombola with very good prizes which everyone seemed to be winning. Others enjoying this excellent ball were Lady Gloria Flower dancing with Mr. Raymond Grumbar, Miss Dinah Hartley dancing with Mr. John Slesinger, Mr. and Mrs.



DURING HER VISIT TO EPSOM on Derby Day, the Queen was escorted to the paddock by Lord Rosebery. The following day the Queen's colt Aureole won the Coronation Stakes

James Mulholland and Miss Belinda Fox and Miss Beverley Snyder, who had both been selling lucky programmes earlier in the evening.

★ ★ ★

FROM Grosvenor House I went on for a short while to the ball at the Traveller's Club which I found in full swing. Flares were burning outside in Pall Mall, and a most unusual red and white canopy lit by a red and white lantern was arranged over the doorway. Unfortunately, though fine, it was too cold to stay long in the delightful Carlton House Gardens, where the lawns were lit by lights in wicker baskets hanging in the trees.

Several hundred guests were dancing when I arrived and others having supper at candlelit tables in the dining-room. Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich, wife of the U.S. Ambassador, was at a table with Mr. "Chips" Channon, and at other tables were Lady Dashwood, Mr. Peter Thursby, and the Marchioness of Northampton wearing her lovely sapphire and diamond necklace with a maize satin dress, supping with a party of friends. Downstairs

Gen. Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones was sitting talking to the Cuban Ambassador and Madame Mendoza, who looked beautiful in a printed dress, and the Nepalese Ambassador and the Rane Shanker, the latter wearing some exquisite rubies and diamonds with her sari.

Others I met enjoying this ball, which is a charming new institution in the London season, included Lord Abinger, Countess Rossi di Montalegra wearing some magnificent aquamarines, whom I had also seen at Epsom and *The Frog*, Mr. Robert Craigie and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Graebner, just back from a trip to the United States.

★ ★ ★

THE beautiful little Crypt Chapel in the Palace of Westminster, decorated with vases of white flowers, made a lovely setting for the marriage of Miss Carola Marlowe, daughter of Mr. Anthony Marlowe, Q.C., M.P. for Hove, and Mrs. Marlowe, to Mr. Lyon Balfour Paul, son of Lt.-Col. J. W. Balfour Paul, Marchmont Herald, and Mrs. Balfour Paul. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. the Hon. Andrew Elphinstone. The bride, who wore a full-skirted white tulle dress with an embroidered tulle veil held in place by a coronet of orange blossom, was attended by one small bridesmaid, Ann Balfour Paul, niece of the bridegroom, in a short white dress with a blue sash, and two grown-up bridesmaids, her sisters Miss Julia and Miss Antonia Marlowe who wore dresses of pale blue and silver brocade with flower head-

[Continued overleaf]



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT arriving with her daughter, H.R.H. Princess Alexandra, at the Rose Ball. Escorting them is the ball chairman, Lady John Hope, and holding garlands of roses are (left) Miss Beverley Snyder and (right) Miss Josephine Parsons, who is curtsying, and Miss Belinda Fox

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

Sound Of The Pipes Heard In Commons

dresses. The best man was Mr. Alistair Fraser.

As the bride and bridegroom left the chapel they were preceded by a piper of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders who piped them along to the Members' Dining Room in the House of Commons, where the bride's parents held a reception. Here Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Marlowe received the guests with Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Balfour Paul.

Those present included the bride's grandmother Lady Hastings, her uncle Cdr. Nicholas Hastings and his wife, Lord Mancroft, Sir Wintringham Stable, a revered member of the legal profession, Major and Mrs. Peter Shephard Cross, and his sister Mrs. Robson, who has just returned from Nigeria with her pretty débutante daughter Jan, who was also at the wedding in a pink and navy blue checked organza dress. Sir Simon and Lady Campbell-Orde were there, also Mr. William Teeling, M.P., and Sir Alfred Bosson, M.P. The latter had to hurry away for another engagement directly after the ceremony.

★ ★ ★

THERE is no doubt that a coming-out ball at a beautiful home in the country, though it may entail more work and preparation, is much more enjoyable than the dances given in London, which are all so alike, during each season. Lady Ursula Abbey had obviously taken a great deal of trouble over the delightful coming-out ball she gave for her younger daughter Gloria at their home, Greyfriars, Storrington, in Sussex. Dancing took place in a giant marquee which had been built out enclosing the terrace to the lawn. This was lined with pale yellow and white bunting, and lit with chandeliers and wall brackets, while there was a french window leading from the dance floor to the floodlit garden, so that one could hardly realize one was not dancing indoors. A buffet adjoined the ballroom and supper was eaten at candlelit tables in the dining-room.

The drawing-room and other reception rooms were used for sitting out, but the favourite place appeared to be the raised terrace adjoining the

ballroom, where one could also watch the dancing. In all the rooms the flowers were a picture, many of them being cleverly lit from below.

Lady Ursula Abbey, wearing a fine diamond tiara with her silver embroidered white lace dress, received the guests with Capt. John Abbey and Gloria, who wore a peacock blue organza dress.

MANY friends in the neighbourhood put up young guests and gave dinner parties for the dance, including the Earl and Countess of Bessborough, the latter looking very chic in deep blue with a cerise stole. They had the hostess's brother and sister-in-law, Earl and Countess Cairns, staying at Stansted Park for the dance. The Earl of Cottenham and the Countess of Cottenham, lovely in a steel grey organza dress, were also guests. Their eldest and very lovely daughter, Lady Marye Pepys, now Lady Marye White, came out at a very similar ball at their home, Coolham, two years ago.

Others in the neighbourhood who brought parties were Lord and Lady Rotherwick, the latter wearing a fine diamond tiara with her brocade evening dress, Lord and Lady Cornwallis, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Hall, the Hon. Arthur and Lady Lorna Howard, Col. Walter Burrell, Lt.-Gen. and Mrs. Brocas Burrows, the Hon. Hanning and Lady Marion Phillips and Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McCorquodale. The Earl and Countess of Mansfield gave a dinner party in London and brought their young guests down, as did Mrs. des Graz, the Hon. Mrs. Devereux, Lady Sylvia Combe and Mrs. Cuthbert Dawnay.

The Bishop of Chichester and Mrs. Bell were also among the older guests. They are old friends of the family and the Bishop christened Gloria Abbey, and married her elder sister Juliet, now Mrs. Oram, who was at the ball with her husband, Lt.-Cdr. John Oram. Another great friend of the family present was Mrs. Graham Ross, who had flown over from Canada. She had had Gloria to stay during the war and again last winter. She had special little floral bracelets made for all the girls in Lady Ursula's big dinner party, a pretty custom often seen at young people's dances in Canada.

Among the young marrieds I saw dancing were Viscount and Viscountess Duncannon, the latter exceedingly smart in red faille, Major and Mrs. Derek Wigan, the Hon. Jock and Mrs. Russell and the Hon. Anthony and the Hon. Mrs. Cayzer, the latter like her mother-in-law wearing a tiara of turquoise and diamonds which went well with her pale blue dress—though I noticed it caused her a little anxiety and she had to readjust it several times while dancing an old-fashioned waltz! Newly-married Lt. and Mrs. Peter Troubridge waltzing together, and looking radiantly happy, were another young couple I noticed.

Some of the débutantes there were Miss Prue McCorquodale, in red, whose elder sister Susan was also present, Miss Olivia Barnett, Miss Caroline York, very pretty in Parma violet chiffon, Miss Rosamund Newman, Miss Fiona Douglas-Home, Miss Caroline Starkey, in white tulle, Lady Rose Mackay, Miss Sally Russell, Lady Melissa and Lady Caroline Wyndham-Quin, Miss Carina Boyle, Miss Sally Clive and Miss Jennifer Burrows, who was dancing with the Earl of Guilford. Slightly older girls I saw included Miss Jill Howard, Miss Fiona Mydleton, in green, Miss Bridget des Graz and Miss Angela Covell.

★ ★ ★

AFTER a spell of damp, cold weather the sun burst through for the Fourth of June at Eton. The success of this celebration depends greatly on the weather, as not only are there two cricket matches, but many families bring picnic meals to enjoy beside the cricket ground on Agars Plough and on the river bank in the evening. There was the usual busy day beginning with speeches in Upper School at 11 a.m., then after the cricket the procession of boats off Fellows' Eyot before dinner. I did not stay this year for the floodlit procession of boats at 10 p.m. followed by the fireworks.

One of the biggest family parties I met was Mr. and Mrs. Alex Abel Smith with his son and daughter David and Carolyn Abel Smith—the latter was enjoying half term from Heathfield—and Mrs. Abel Smith's son and daughter Sir Mark Palmer and Antonia Palmer. Both boys are now at Eton. The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough arrived down before lunch to spend the day with their younger son Lord Charles Spencer-Churchill, and Earl and Countess Cadogan, who brought Lady Sarah and Lady Daphne Cadogan, were watching the cricket on Upper Club where their son Viscount Chelsea was playing in the XXII against a Ramblers Second XI.

For the tenth year running, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Winter had a family party. Their youngest son



Mr. Michael Vickers and Miss Susan Murray were enjoying a refreshing drink in an ante-room



Dancing a quick-step together during the evening were Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal and Lord Herbert



Mr. David Holland and Miss Ann Davies were two more of the younger guests at Grosvenor House

Nicholas Winter is captain of the Eton Eleven this year, their second son Billy Winter was playing for the Eton Ramblers against his young brother's team, and their third son Charles had come home from Germany to join the party. Lord and Lady Archley had her son with them, while Lady Lyell was with her Etonian son Lord Lyell.

I met Major and the Hon. Mrs. Mark Milbank with their son Anthony and her niece Sheelin Maxwell, who will be among the girls making their debut next year, Major-Gen. and Mrs. Lucas Burrows with Michael and Jennifer Burrows, and Mrs. John Midwood down from Cheshire and their Etonian son, Major Edward and the Hon. Mrs. Brook from Scotland, with their young son Charles, and walking round Agars Mrs. Mayes with her son Andrew who is now in the Coldstream Guards. The Mayes have a delightful house close near Agars, where the garden was brilliant with colour. I also met Mrs. Peter Dollar and her Etonian son, Mrs. Derrick Cooper escorted by her Viscount Ruthven and Mr. Charles Butler and his daughter Fanny who had come to spend the day with his sons, the elder of whom was coxing the Britannia later in the day.

Mr. Ronnie Brooks I met between the two rounds as he had a son playing in both cricket matches, also Sir Charles and Lady Taylor who had their two elder sons with them, Mr. and Mrs. John Sheffield and their young family, Sir Thomas and Lady Cook with a young son and daughter, and Sir Leonard and Lady Ropner with their children.

Photographs of the occasion are on pages 668-9.

★ ★ ★

A CHAPTER of accidents preceded the committee meeting for the dinner ball to take place at the Savoy Hotel on July 12 in aid of Dockland Clubs and Settlements. First Countess Howe, president of the ball, who had kindly lent her new home in Curzon Street for the meeting, fell down and broke her wrist just as she went to greet H.H. Princess Marie Louise, president of the Dockland Settlements. Then shortly after this, four of the guests coming to the meeting, including Lt.-Col. Remington-Hobbs, were stuck in the lift on the second floor for more than an hour.

Princess Marie Louise, who has consented to attend the ball, presided at the meeting, supported by Mrs. Alan Selborne, the chairman.

The Dockland Clubs and Settlements, as many know, do a great deal to help the youth of this country, and the dinner ball is to raise money for their funds. Tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Alan Selborne, 79 Davies Street, W.1.

★ ★ ★

THE Countess of Harewood is once again chairman of the Opera Ball, in aid of the English Opera Group, which takes place on June 22 at the Royal Festival Hall. Guests are invited to come dressed in operatic costume. Tickets can be had from the Hon. Sec., Mrs. Antony Lyttelton, Opera Ball, 25 Wigmore Place, W.1.



Last dance before supper for Miss Susan Egerton and Mr. Timothy Renton was a very gay one



Contemplating a return to the ballroom after a short break were Mr. Garry Service and Miss Carol Carr



Mr. Robert Peterson was entertaining a group of friends with an anecdote. They were (left) Mr. John Keville and Miss Susan McCurrich and (right) Mr. Martin McCurrich and Miss Carol Whittington

CHOLMONDELEY TESTED ALL

A TWISTING and extremely varied course made the British Horse Society's one-day event at Cholmondeley Castle, Cheshire, a remarkable test of a horse's qualities. Despite somewhat damp conditions, a large crowd turned out to watch this well-run display of combined training, and saw Miss Diana Mason take first place against strong competition on Tramella



Miss Margaret Hough riding Bambi V, the Badminton winner, in the Show Jumping section



Horses and riders of international fame were engaged in the Open Jumping. Here Lt.-Col. Harry Llewellyn was taking Lady Jane over a fence in the style always associated with this outstanding rider



Picturesque interval between obstacles for Mrs. Roberts, riding her Koomnakista in the Cross-Country



Mrs. Hanson and Mr. W. Hanson, M.F.H., who rode in the Olympics for Britain, were discussing the novices with the Earl of Rocksavage, who lives at Cholmondeley Castle



The Countess of Rocksavage receives a favourable verdict on ice-cream from her daughters Lady Margot and Lady Rose Cholmondeley, who are four and six years old respectively



Mr. G. Brooks was talking over the dressage with Capt. D. P. G. Moseley of the committee



Entering some of the results in their programmes were Miss M. Brown and Miss A. Broadhead



As the day approached its end, its lessons were the subject of keen discussion between a quartet consisting of Miss V. Corbett-Wright, Mrs. V. Corbett-Wright and Mr. and Mrs. D. Scott-Roberts

AT THE RACES

A St. Leger Probable

• Sabretache •

Did we see the Leger winner in the Derby? From now onwards until September this will be the question. There will probably be as many "ayes" as "nays." The real question, I suggest, is whether we are any more entitled to expect to see that winner than we are entitled to see a Derby winner in the Two Thousand, even though we have done so more than once.

Mathematically and geographically we have no right whatever to build upon anything in either case, for the best of all possible reasons, viz. that there is no similarity whatever between Newmarket Epsom and Doncaster. Where the two-year-olds' "classics" are concerned, we are a bit better off, because two of them, the Middle Park and the Dewhurst, are run at Newmarket, and furthermore over a part of the very course where the Two Thousand will be run in the following year. The Middle Park (six furlongs) and the Dewhurst (seven furlongs) have quite often told us what is going to win the Guineas, but dare we say that the race for the Guineas has as often given us a straight tip for the Derby or that the latter race has pointed an unerring finger at the Leger? Of course we can't!

In the present year I believe that we did not see the Leger winner at Epsom, because it did not run—namely Infatuation. Outsize does not matter at Doncaster but it matters a very great deal at Epsom. Pace, particularly a turn of foot at the finish of a long race, is indispensable at both places, or, for that matter, everywhere else that long distance races are run. Infatuation has this great asset, pace, and on top of it we know that he can stay.

I do not regard it as a misfortune that he could not run in the Derby—rather the other way in fact. I do not believe that he would have won because he is not cut to fit that course.

Of this present winner of the Derby, all we know is that he was one too many for all of them, and was well in the hunt all the way. I think, *en passant*, that there were too few congratulations to the American owner, Mr. R. S. Clark. Here's one, anyway.

ASOMEWHAT belated review of yet another book about foxhunting, about which I should have thought that everything that could be said had been said many times over! Pressure on space is the only reason why this note upon Mr. D. W. E. Brock's book *Introduction To Foxhunting* (Seeley Service & Co., Ltd., 15s.) has been delayed. This book is a bit different from some because it approaches the subject from a new angle and is written for a generation which has not had the chance or the time to grow up with this sport of our ancestors, which, incidentally, dates back to many years before 1750, the date here assigned to it.

Any book by a modern writer must needs present a very new picture and is therefore interesting. We know that things can never be as they were, even between the two wars, and that therefore such a technical subject as this must be tackled from the kindergarten angle. It is no use saying "We have heard all this before," because there are so many people who have never heard it at all, and who have to be inducted very gently into the science of vinery.

We all recognize the great difficulties under which the modern Master has to work, since he gets about the same amount of money that used to be devoted to the wire fund alone. Two thousand pounds was not an outsize figure.





TWO DANCE HALL LIZARDS, as played by Paddy Stone and Irving Davis, receive an unexpectedly enthusiastic handclasp from a lady (Joyce Grenfell) who persists in looking for the best in everything and everybody

Anthony Cookman

[Illustrations
by Emmwood]

At the Theatre

Miss Joyce Grenfell (Fortune)

MISS JOYCE GRENFELL requests the pleasure of your company at an entertainment. . . . Her admirers will note as they hasten to accept the invitation that she proposes to carry through the evening with no other help but that of a group of three dancers. There may well be misgivings lest she should for once be trying her delicate, but after all quite tiny, talent rather too high.

Away with such misgivings! Miss Grenfell and the dancers between them completely justify their daring. The revue—if that is how the entertainment should be described—may be likened in its unpretending grace and easy amusingness to *Airs On a Shoestring*. If you have enjoyed the one you will enjoy the other just as much. They have both been directed by Mr. Laurier Lister; and they both have his elusive but unmistakable touch. Presumably it is to him that the credit must go for seeing exactly how the lively balletic dancing of Miss Beryl Kaye, Mr. Paddy Stone and Mr. Irving Davis could be managed so that it would continually diversify and refresh the impression made by Miss Grenfell's comedy. At all events the effect is there.

FOR the whole of an evening that seems not a moment too long, we move from the comedy to the dancing and from the dancing to the comedy, as though they were the complementary parts of a delightful whole. The music is by Mr. Richard Addinsell; the dances, when not invented by the dancers themselves, are arranged by Miss Wendy Toye and Mr. Alfred Rodrigues; and in the choice of these artists we are conscious again of the Laurier Lister touch.

All Miss Grenfell's songs and sketches are, of course, written by herself. Her range of characterization is very small, but since the observation is always her own and the execution is exact, we never find ourselves wishing that she would occasionally venture beyond the limits she has set herself. In the world of Jane Austen, a shower of rain is an event, and in

Miss Grenfell's even smaller world a cliché, used with a well meaning foolishness wholly unconscious of itself, is a character. Such showers of rain and such misplaced clichés are adequate to give an impression of immense variety.

THE majority of people who excite her sense of the ridiculous are well meaning. They aspire harmlessly to some cultural or social refinement which they do not yet possess and they become absurd by assuming just a little too readily that they have got on to the real thing, when in fact they are only grasping its shadow.

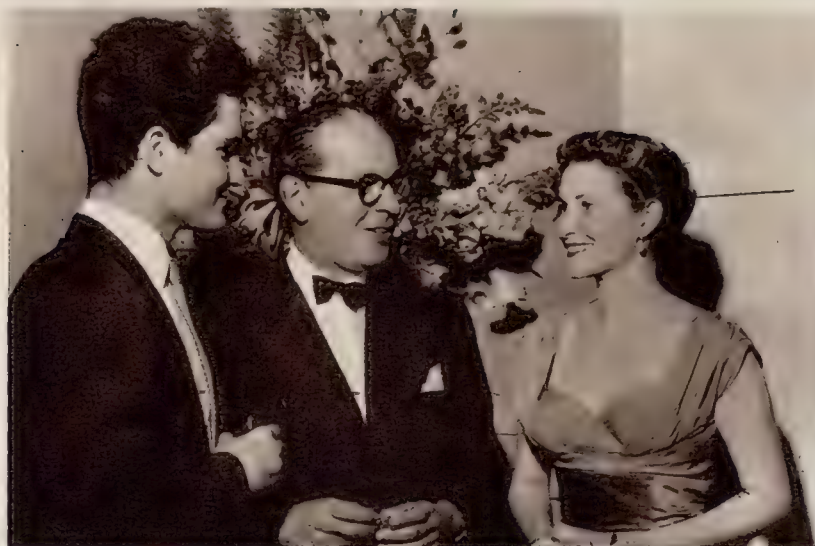
Only a fine shade of difference separates the clumsy sweep of the arm of the young woman too thoroughly trained in school hockey and netball, from the elegant gesture of the fine lady who by the grace with which she receives a compliment confers in return an even finer compliment. The joke is that the raw young woman has not got quite enough sense to be aware of the fine shade of difference. Poor girl, she will go on doing her best.

Miss Grenfell has the trick of making us laugh at people we cannot possibly dislike—the small girl sophisticatedly patronizing her mother, the earnest woman who, for all her trouble, can give no more ethereal message from music than the image of a large white horse, the lady who has got hold of the idea that all art ought to be considered “amusing” and recommends her expensive junk by pointing out what fun a cracked porcelain jar really is and how “absolutely besotted” she has become over the beauty of an old chair that may have been once a theatre stall.

ALTHOUGH these and the rest of her characters are very much the same sort of people, the differences between them are still considerable enough to carry us happily through the evening. Miss Grenfell's precision of execution is matched by the precision of Miss Kaye's dancing, and she is given lively support by her partners.



BERYL KAYE conjures up a delightful vision of childhood to help things along



Friendly greeting from H.E. the Cuban Ambassador and Mme. Mendoza was for Mr. George Suarez (left), with whom they drank cocktails on their arrival at the party

LADY MARY STUART-WALKER gave a most successful cocktail party at Claridge's recently for a young French girl, Mlle. Athenais de Mortemart, who is visiting London. More than 150 guests were present at this very pleasant gathering



The hostess, Lady Mary Stuart-Walker, with Mlle. Athenais de Mortemart, for whom the party was given



Among the distinguished guests present on this occasion were the Earl and Countess of Mansfield



Judith Countess of Listowel was also at the party and had brought her niece, Miss Edina de Marffy, with her



Captain Lord Edward Fitzroy was chatting to Lady Lily Serena Lumley, daughter of the Earl of Scarborough

London Linelight



Frances King, Renée Houston and Miriam Karlin in "Cockles and Champagne"

Landeau's Buried Talents

Now is the season of pier-head entertainments, and in holiday mood one should feel tolerant towards the frolics thus presented. To have this material offered on a sort of bargain-luxury-basement scale in the West End is another matter.

Cockles and Champagne at the Saville is a vast rag-bag of ideas that might be better described as "notionettes." Here the technique of the well-made point and the black-out is not understood, to the detriment of a lot of talented people.

Frances King, for example, is a cabaret expert with a good voice and an unfolding instinct for comedy, but Cecil Landeau failed to exploit her. Phyllis Neilson-Terry, once my heart's delight as Trilby, seemed out of place in lengthy monologues. Miriam Karlin, also new to review, was given too much of a number of good jokes. Only Renée Houston was perkily at home. I hope she keeps the show that way, but it will need all her energy.

THE New Watergate, now a year old, is celebrating its longevity with *Birthday Edition*, a revue largely made up of the brighter items from the past twelvemonth. It was pleasant to hear "But Not for Love" again, and to speculate on why it has not enjoyed wider popularity. "Gentlemen in Retirement" still keeps its bitter-sweet scent and "The Common Touch" has by no means lost point. Among the newcomers "Good Parts and Coronets" is a comparatively mild satire on recent highly publicised amateur theatricals, and Patrick Cargill does very nicely with "Madame la Marquise" and "Close of Play."

The addition of one strong personality to the cast would give this promising yearling a touch of the sharp individuality which is an essential ingredient in this sort of show business.

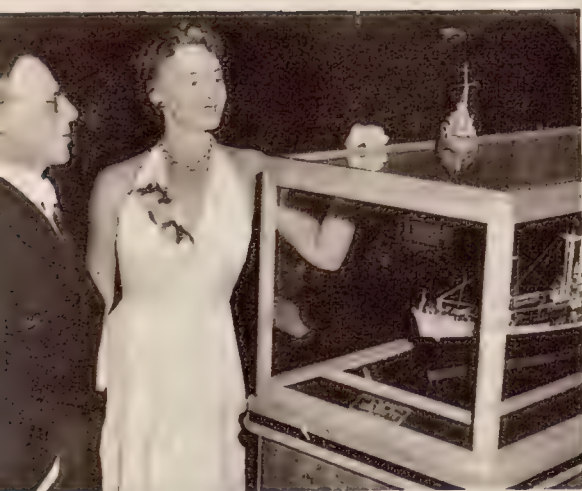
JEAN GIRAUDOUX's *The Trojan War Will Not Be Fought*, written in 1935, is one of his two major successes, the other being *Ondine*, a contemporary Broadway hit. The translation of the former has been acquired by Harold Clurman, who is hoping for Michael Redgrave as his leading man. He intends to promote the play in London next spring.

Giraudoux died in France during the war at the peak of his career. He was sixty-two. English-speaking audiences know him best as the author of *Amphytrion* 38, which the Lunts did over here, and *The Mad Woman of Chaillot*, to which Martita Hunt brought such inspired insanity both here and in New York. *The Enchanted*, recently at the Arts, was full of his elusive echoes of lands beyond the foam of perilous seas.

—Youngman Carter



A GREAT SEA CAMPAIGN, whose winning ensured Britain's survival, was celebrated at St. George's Hall, Liverpool, with the Western Approaches Ball. Here Mrs. Phillips, Mr. R. P. Phillips and Mrs. W. R. Colbeck were leaving after a thoroughly enjoyable evening of reunion



ADMIRING MODEL SHIPS on display at the Western Approaches Ball were Mr. Geoffrey Booth and Mrs. H. E. P. Walker

Talk Around the Town

THOSE who first conceived the beautiful doll's house which was presented to Queen Mary some years ago must have known her tastes well.

She had a collector's passion for everything miniature.

The house was on a scale of an inch to a foot, and British craftsmanship endowed it with suitably Lilliputian pictures, books, furniture, a lift, a gramophone playing inch-wide records, boxes of chocolate, even bath salts and scent sprays, as I remember this quite fabulous toy.

Before it was ever sent on tour for charity, the house must have taken pride of place

in what was surely Queen Mary's unique accumulation of *bibelots*, *etuis*, and little what-nots.

You may now catch the flavour of her enthusiasm at South Kensington; but take your glasses and be prepared for a lot of peering and back-bending. There are cabinets filled with Chelsea porcelain toys, miniature tea services and table-sets, a whole collection of Royal portraits and photographs on a doll's-house scale (this was once a genteel hobby) and furniture. Even George IV. is reduced to a miniature bust in gold.

Other cabinets from Marlborough House are filled with the richest assortment of scent-bottles, snuff-boxes, *vinaigrettes* and caskets.

One may perhaps be pardoned in picturing Queen Mary busy with her day's acquisitions at one table, while at an adjoining desk King George V. sits happily pasting the latest surcharges into his stamp albums.

(To be less fanciful, a special room at the Palace was really devoted to the King's philatelic pleasures.)

Or it may have been that Queen Mary would be seated at the fireside with her Recreation Box, deciding on which evening's pleasure to combine with duty. I once explored just such a Viennese box, filled with every possible instrument for needlework, genteel table games like dominoes, and with one tray devoted—as in Queen Mary's—to water-colours. These highly decorated boxes usually date from the early part of the last century, and were designed to keep young ladies safely anchored to the drawing-rooms of their homes.

Needless to say, in the Royal collection there is also a miniature recreation box.

Near it is placed the most magnificent of all Queen Mary's boxes, one in bloodstone with gold mounts and encrusted with diamonds, believed to be a present from Potsdam sent by Frederick the Great to Catherine of Russia.

Fabergé has a case all to himself, with an abundance of Easter eggs in platinum, gold and diamonds, jewelled flowers and lapis lazuli ornaments.

And a miniature grand piano in Siberian jade!

★ ★ ★

A COUPLE of Paris theatres have now installed seats from which English-speaking visitors can hear a running translation of the play's dialogue.

Now I come to reflect on this innovation, it would seem that there is a future in the West End for something of the sort. If, after a time, you find it difficult to hear what the actors are saying—either because they cannot speak correctly in the first place, or through the piece having had too long a run—you would simply plug in and hear the words spoken correctly by someone like Sir Laurence Olivier, Robert Donat or Jack Hawkins.

Then there could be an alternative service, which would provide a running interpretation of the play's "message" (if it was a piece by Mr. T. S. Eliot, or Mr. Graham Greene), with a second wave-length catering for people with cartoon-strip minds, who might like to have *King Lear*, or *Hamlet*, done in suitably simple language.

ENGLISH SPOKEN HERE!

It is true that my English needs training.
It is probable you are oppressed
By the obvious wish for refraining
From muddling an Overseas guest:
You are kindness itself thus to ponder;
The directions you give me so clear,
That it seems impolite when I wonder
If you think I'm unable to hear.

—Merran Millar

One of the systems in the two Paris theatres is not wired, but is an actual short-wave set the size of a mouth-organ. This would offer a tempting form of first-night sabotage, and take the place of booing at the end. "What a play! How dare they put things on like this in the West End!" would come the mysterious voice of an earphone barracker.

SUCH a device, in an interpretative capacity, could be of the greatest use at the opera, notably to those who lose their way in the tangled forests of Wagnerian mythology.

One could tune-in from a stall and—to take a random instance—learn just what was really going on during the greater part of the new Covent Garden production of *Die Walküre*.

Mr. David Webster (or his producer) has placed between singers and audience what appears to be a gauze veil, across which magic-lantern clouds drift from time to time, turning red at the end of Act III., presumably in the hope that an impression of flames will be conveyed to us.

I am old-fashioned, and have always thought that Wagner's Act I. took place in Hunding's hut. The programme states that this is indeed so. But, as far as four pairs of eyes could detect, Mr. Webster has it all sung in a fog in the open air. That wonderful moment when the door opens to reveal the forest bathed in moonlight may have taken place somewhere out of view at the back of the stage. One could not say.

Although it is sad to see Mr. Webster reduced to such economy in lighting—we all know what electric-light bills are nowadays—at least he does give us an orchestra playing magnificently, and in Miss Sylvia Fisher a singer who probably comes to Covent Garden by Tube, and does not have to be imported from Zurich, by kind permission of the Oslo Opera, and turn out to sing in Bulgarian.

Still, a superb performance to hear.

Now that the word "Edwardian" is bandied about so as to suggest that everyone over sixty-five must have been brought up in an age of hooliganism, I cherish the friendship of authentic Edwardians.

Mr. Bertie Meyer, donor of the piece of illuminated and inscribed vellum which was presented to Dame Sybil Thorndike as a testimonial to her first fifty years on the stage, is the genuine Edwardian article.

I was lazily swimming around in the Mediterranean last summer when Mr. Meyer suddenly popped up from some submarine exploration and greeted me as if in the most leisurely days of Bond Street.

"Hello, my dear boy," he said, treading water. "And how are you? Are you free for lunch? I'd like you to meet a dear friend of mine, a Princess of Montenegro..."

He then swam swiftly back to a raft some distance from the shore.

He is seventy-seven, and turned up at lunch, immaculate in white flannel trousers with the thinnest of stripes, and a pair of those white and patent-leather shoes jocularly known as "co-respondents."

"I first gave the vellum on the occasion of Ellen Terry's fifty years," he says now. "That would be about 1904."

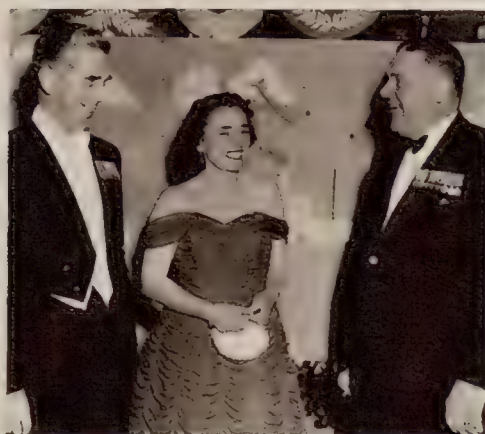
ANOTHER dapper Edwardian—already a man-about-town when King Edward VII. came to the Throne—is Sir Harry Brittain, whose latest venture it is to save the Selborne home of Gilbert White, the naturalist.

Sir Harry has a wardrobe with many interesting relics of his sartorial past, and brings to the tedium of to-day's cocktail parties the sensible fashion of a shooting-stick.

They say that White's *Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne* is second only to the Bible in the number of editions and translations it has enjoyed. I often wonder why, in cases like this, they do not revive the idea of the Dickens Stamp, which forty years ago raised some £10,000 for needy descendants of the novelist.

Everyone was invited to buy one of these stamps and paste it in the fly-leaf of each volume he had of Dickens's works, and some publishers even sold current editions with the stamp in, as a tardy form of the royalties which legally they were not called upon to pay.

—Gordon Beckles



Comradeship of Battle of the Atlantic Was Renewed at Liverpool, Hub of the Struggle

Mrs. Geoffrey Buckley, Capt. P. N. Buckley, D.S.O., R.N., Admiral Sir Alexander Madden, C-in-C., Plymouth, and Mrs. Ingram Legge

Cdr. A. Letty, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.D., R.N.R., and Mrs. Letty were laughing at a story which was told them by Cdr. R. B. Chandler, R.N.

Watching formation dancing were Cdr. C. W. Linton, V.R.D., R.N.V.R., Mrs. Linton, Miss A. V. Milles and Lt. G. Milles, R.N.V.R.



Seated in the fine library of South Africa House were Mary Duchess of Devonshire and H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, two of the principal guests, talking to Mr. C. H. Torrance, the Deputy High Commissioner. Princess Alice is well acquainted with South Africa, where the Earl of Athlone was Governor-General from 1923-31

Gabor Denes

HIGH COMMISSIONER SAID GOODBYE

SOUTH AFRICA HOUSE was the scene of a Union Day reception given by the High Commissioner and Mrs. Geyer, the last they held before leaving this country, where they have been for four years. Their widespread popularity was witnessed by the 800 guests, who included representatives of the Government and the Diplomatic Corps



Capt. H. E. Fougstedt, S.A.N., in conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Bevil John Rudd



The High Commissioner and Mrs. Geyer, who returned to South Africa this month, receiving the Chief of the Air Staff, Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir William F. Dickson, and Lady Dickson



Two more at this large-scale reception were Mr. C. S. Parsons and his wife



Also present on this occasion were Mrs. John Schlesinger and Mr. Michael Cooke



DINING OUT

Do You Speak Menuese?

WHEN, some years ago, the Savoy started to print explanatory menus the move was hailed as a welcome one.

I notice that now their menus have reverted to the orthodox, and customers are left guessing again.

Or, rather, the waiters are given a chance to practise their English, and knowledge of what a certain dish consists of. Perhaps this is a pity; there were times in the austerity years when certain dishes were given a (pseudo) succulence by a detailing of everything that was supposed to go into them.

Yet this question of whether to stick to French or give plain English will always be a vexed one.

The other night I tested an accomplished diner-out on his knowledge of what went into dishes, and found him woefully deficient. This was at Egon Ronay's little Marquee Restaurant, just off the Brompton Road, where they do have explanatory menus.

What exactly is a "Poulet Pipperade"? Or "Sole au Plat Joinville"? Or, again, what is "Scampi Frits comme au Cap Ferrat"?

In order, they are "farm-chicken in pimentos, tomatoes and chopped bacon"; second is "sole done in white wine, with mushroom and shrimp sauce"; and the scampi is served with sauce tartare, although why that makes it "Cap Ferrat" beats me.

To get the full flavour of this dinner-table controversy you must cross the Channel and see English steak, lark and oyster pie translated into French terms.

WHITE TOWER (Percy Street, Upper Soho).—A light lunch for one of the few warm days this summer: *Barbounia Scharas*, which is red mullet grilled over a charcoal fire, followed by an aubergine served cold and stuffed with onions and tomatoes. Then a light Greek pastry, but the native Greek wine not sampled—too much resin in it. Most people fall for the skewered lamb, which here goes under the name of *Souvlakia*.

I WAS dubious a year ago about the chances of a new brand of vodka becoming popular, for it seemed that there was nothing in the drink that gin could not provide. However, the Smirnoff people seem happy about their progress, and a popular young lady has confessed that she often downs a vodka-and- tonic as it "makes me attractively breathless."

Which is one way of looking through the bottom of a glass brightly.

And the other day an odd sort of drink won the United Kingdom cocktail contest, enjoying the name of Roberta May and consisting of one-third vodka, one-third of Aurum (an Italian orange liqueur) and one-third orange squash, with a dash of white-of-egg on top.

Perhaps someone will now make more easily available a drink I prefer—the caraway-flavoured aquavita of the Scandinavians.

—I. Bickerstaff



F. J. Goodman

COUNTESS JOHN DE BENDERN, here in her apartment on the Left Bank, was before her marriage Mlle. Mercedes Gorina, of Barcelona. Her husband, better remembered as John de Forest, the golfer, was for a considerable time private secretary to the late Viscount Norwich, at the British Embassy in Paris. Count and Countess de Bondern are shortly going to live in a country house they have acquired near Geneva

Priscilla in Paris The Couturiers Go Sportif

I RECENTLY heard a young beautiful complain that the Clerk of the Weather had the soul of a travelling salesman. Although one understands her meaning, the lady's statement calls for query. "Soul"? No, but certainly the sample card!

At one moment we burble about summer-at-last, cast our clouts to the zephyrs of June, dream of beach-wear and book a table for dinner in the garden at Armenonville. A few hours later we are lighting fires, avidly reading furriers' enticing advertisements about mink coats at summer-rabbit prices and counter-manding Armenonville for Prunier's. As the green-fly said when it alighted on the tobacco-plant by mistake: "*Ce n'est pas une vie de tout repos.*"

On that unique day (at the time of writing), when the barometer and thermometer soared so dizzily, I visited the sports boutiques of various couturiers of renown. An amazing adventure. More like witnessing the dress rehearsal of a spectacular revue. Every kind of material, every colour. Not only the silk-satin-velvet-rags of the nursery jingle, but the beads-fringes-flowers-and-feathers of a Saturnalian carnival.

"ALL models"—says the bill of sartorial fare—"are guaranteed to stand water," but, I wondered, will they "stand swimming"? I feel pretty sure that a certain pale blue, one-piece affair, decorated with a long neck-scarf, of which the ends are clasped to the wearer's lower extremities by gold anklets, ought to be named "Suicide," for all that it is signed Heim. Neither did Schiaparelli's

beautifully-cut, austere, long-sleeves creation (to be worn with gloves on cold days) seem quite what I need for my longed-for Island holiday. I went soberly home, told Josephine to buy some more wool and do another job of darning on my old jersey suits.

At the Théâtre Marigny a Japanese production, *Chants Et Danses Japonais*, is delighting Paris. On the opening night guests were presented with dainty scarves, intricately folded into rice-paper envelopes; so intricately that it was impossible for our clumsy, Western fingers to put them back in their wrappers, and when everyone was seated the stalls looked like a cherry orchard in bloom. (Poetic licence!)

The ballets are colourful and gracefully performed. One felt guilty if one did not use the word "exquisite" several times during the entr'actes. I hate to admit that my blind, Occidental eyes unfortunately failed to distinguish one delicately-tinted porcelain face from another, and although the programme, and a foreword by Serge Lifar, assured me that it is to Madame Miho Hanayagin that we owe the pleasing entertainment, I was unable to differentiate her from the other Nipponese ladies with whom she shared stardom.

A great many painters attended this première. Foujita, of course, was there. Leonore Fini's sumptuous red evening cloak had the air of a gala kimono; Fanny Mauve wore mauve flowers in her chignon with quite the Madame Butterfly touch; Félix Labisse, Raymond Baumgartner, Garry and Christiane Warnod were also present. It was a most agreeably restful evening, and when it serenely drew to a close and the visiting company gathered on the stage to applaud the spectators and thus thank them for their presence, we gratefully returned the applause with interest.

SUMMER visitors who do not want to spend all their bawbees in riotous living may be glad to know that prices are coming down. At the Olympia music-hall the most expensive seats cost 500 francs, and this only on Sunday. On weekday evenings 400 francs gives one the right to wallow in the stalls.

I saw the Yves Joly marionettes there the other evening... but can one call them marionettes? Imagine a marionette show with umbrellas and parasols as puppets. These, conducted by the unseen manipulators of the Joly troupe, performed a serio-comic sketch portraying the amours of Mlle. Para Sol and M. Um Brella; the interference of the Family, the rival lover, the quarrel and finally order restored by the Police—two furred, dark-blue gamps with crooked handles—that was a masterpiece of humour. The illusion of living performers was perfect and the culminating ballet, danced by five gay little Japanese paper sunshades, rivalled the real thing at Marigny. This is one of the most successful variety numbers I have ever seen.

Enfin!

● GUSHING VISITOR: "Here's a sweetie for you, darling. Now give me a nice kiss!"
DARLING: "No! When I take my cod-liver oil Mummy gives me two!"



John Engstead, Beverly Hills

MARLENE DIETRICH, whose name is synonymous with glamour, makes her first appearance in England as a cabaret entertainer on Monday next, when she opens her season at the Café de Paris. The photograph which we reproduce was taken early this year, and reveals the remarkable beauty of this ageless star. Among the numbers she will sing will be the song from *The Blue Angel*, first successful German "talkie," which brought her world fame, "Falling in Love Again"



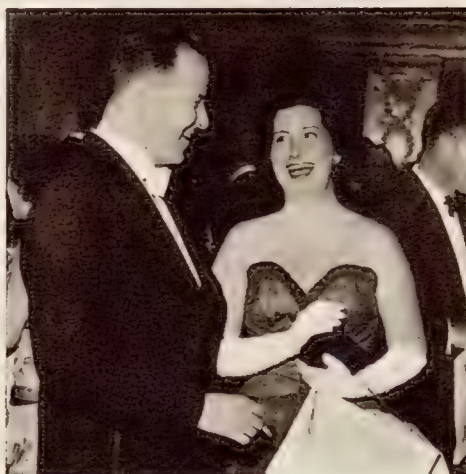
Sealyham puppy, seeking good home, was displayed for all to see by Mrs. Norman Clark before being auctioned.



Major-Gen. Sir Leslie Williams, Colonel-Commandant of the R.A.O.C., and Lady Williams being received by the ball president, Field-Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis, and Countess Alexander. Earl Alexander will open the Empire Games

ENGLISH ATHLETES' "SPRINGBOARD" BALL

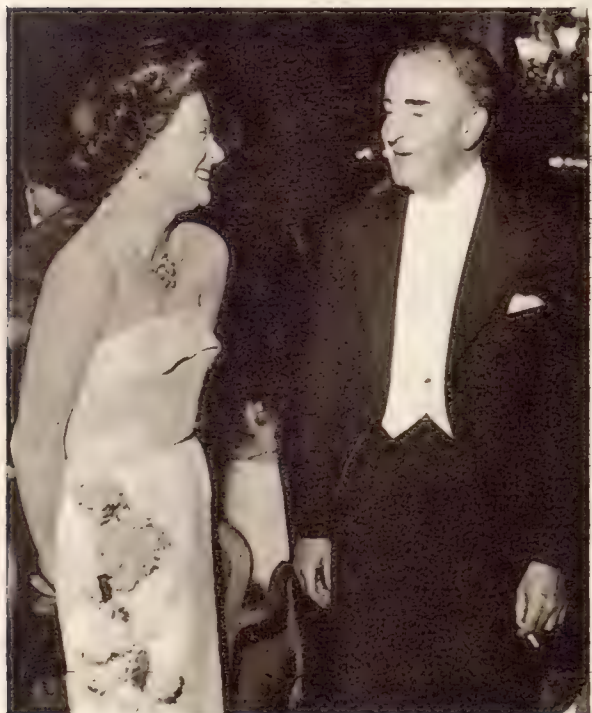
IN August, an English team will cross the Atlantic to take part in the Empire and Commonwealth Games at Vancouver. To give them financial buoyancy, a most successful ball was held at the Dorchester, a very large company enjoying a night of well-organised entertainment described by Jennifer on page 621



Mrs. M. I. Russell, from Vancouver, was laughing at a remark of Mr. A. D. Belyea, of Ottawa



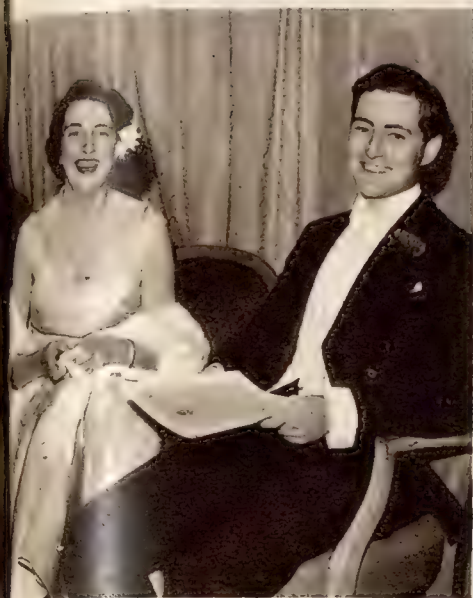
Miss Denise Loyd dancing with her fiancé, the Hon. Derek Winn, younger son of Lord St. Oswald



The two joint chairmen of the event, Mrs. Louis Pezaro and Earl Beatty, were pleased with the progress of the evening



The Hon. Mrs. William Rollo (left) and her husband, uncle of Lord Rollo, were chatting with Lady Curtis-Bennett, who as vice-president also had much to do with the fine result of the ball



Two of the young marrieds present were Mr. and Mrs. Robin Leigh-Pemberton, here much amused at an incident



Mr. Whitney Straight, enterprising managing director of B.O.A.C., was at table with Countess Beatty



Miss Marion Bevan enjoying an interval chat with Capt. John Macdonald-Buchanan, M.C.



Watching some friends coming in from the ballroom were Mr. John Parry and Miss Gay Gilchrist



Warm greetings were being exchanged between Miss Rosemary Longworth, Miss Jennifer Dawson and Mr. Rivvy Davies



Keystone of the evening, happiness, was well sustained at this meeting between Lord and Lady Luke of Pavenham, who were both on the committee, Mrs. Sprunt, and her husband, Lt.-Col. G. L. Sprunt

Swabe

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

BIGGER and uglier flies have lately been pestering the locals at Brighton, an official spokesman reports; evading the real issue, as usual, to the contempt of all friends of flies.

The issue is that lashing out merely makes flies embittered and vengeful, like girl novelists. They pester the citizenry because they yearn for affection and see the Race lavishing all its love on doggies, which sends them half mad with jealousy and frustration. Yet making friends with flies is very easy, as a poet named William Oldys demonstrated in George I.'s time. A general invitation to tea is the first step:

Busy, curious, thirsty Fly,
Gently drink, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my Cup,
Could'st thou sip, and sip it up ...

Tossing later on his sickbed, a victim to bubonic, dysentery, cholera, hives, dengue, and beri-beri, Slogger Oldys would never (we think) blame his tiny winged chums, any more than a doggie-lover dying of rabies would blame Rover. We don't suggest that the citizens of Brighton run all Mr. Oldys' risks, but a cheery smile, a kind word, and a feint at offering a cup of tea or a slice of cake (flies are very easily fooled by any apparently sincere approach at friendship) would satisfy their craving for notice. Bald-headed clubmen tell us that though flies may walk anxiously up and down their heads during the after-luncheon siesta, hoping for a smile, it is never the same fly. Very swiftly, the news gets round the fly world that Old Uncle Mellowpants in the third armchair to the left is a buddy. When the 18,976,544th witness confirms this, Uncle is pestered no more. Or such is the theory, and if it's good enough for members of the Athenæum, we may add, it's good enough for you.

Check

HAVING a strong affection for the British Museum (founded, rather pleasingly, by a public lottery run by, among others, the Archbishop of Canterbury), we don't care to see the Museum boys thwarted and non-plussed. Especially, we might add, by a rebel English Rose.

At the time of writing the sweetheart concerned is refusing (*vide* Press) to hand over a

rare Roman copper coin, *temp.* Carausius, lately picked up in a country garden. Being forbidden by the statutes to twist girls' arms or pull their hair till they give in, Museum officials are biting ineffectual lips. There still, of course, remains the more graceful way of Casanova, who could detach any coin from any girl in about ten minutes, but although most of the Museum boys are absolute Prince Charmings, a chap tells us a few years in the antiquities-racket makes one a bit rusty on technique.

"Tell me, Fauncethorpe—does one hold a woman by the neck or the waist?"

"By the neck, I think, Mopesbury, like a bottle."

"I see. I take it an offer of matrimony is *de rigueur* from, so to speak, the kickoff?"

Well, no. Not nowadays. This was certainly how "Slicker" Griphorne got that set of unique Etruscan vases (Gallery XLV) out of poor Miss Emily Fidsworth in 1854, but the form is now obsolete. Hence a deadlock. Could not somebody (as it were) initiate the (to coin a word) transfer-procedure by taking Baby to the pictures?

Quest

I WRITE from memory," explained a booksy girl lately fined £25—how this would have grieved the late Mr. Pelman!—for obscene libel, in the shape of a novel described by the magistrate as "rubbish." Since then we've been trying, very tactfully, to discover something. Read on.

It is, we think, clear that a considerable proportion of the 96.8 per cent. of the female population of these islands now engaged neck-deep in the fiction-racket cannot possibly depend on memory for the erotic brawls and clinches they pack their novels with, since many of these sweethearts are hardly the type at which gentlemen make passes, even in their cups. Publishers proved extremely cagey on this question, we found. One of the boys put on a faraway mystic look and quoted Keats, waving a large Havana meanwhile.

Ever let the Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home ...

We then suspected he himself had some hand in it; in fact, we saw the whole thing in close-up.

"Now then, Miss Moping, you've got to put a kick in it. Look at Dirty Gertie—right up in the 20,000 class and coining dough!"

"Oh, I couldn't go on like that, really I couldn't, not if it was ever so."

"Give me that manuscript."

"Oh, please—"

"Charley!"

Sequel

A THUG called Razor Charley enters and the poor trembling sweet gives up the dainty MS. of *Down Lavender Lane*. A week or so later she gets her proofs, sees what the Net Sales Rewrite Department boys have put into her innocent story, blushes, sobs, swoons, recovers, powders her nose, hums a tune, orders three new £50 hats and a Bentley, and moves



ROY DAVIS

into a luxurious mews-cottage in Mayfair (fifteenth thousand of *Flaming Lips* exhausted before publication).

Cricket?

Crisis

WHEN the wealthy merchant Misgir won the heart of the fair Snegourochka in Rimsky-Korsakov's *Snow Maiden* at Sadler's Wells the other night, one of the critics noted that his voice was "tired and unhoneved," which seems to us about right for a big business man who has just won the heart of a *Snow Maiden*. You often hear the same kind of voice towards 7 p.m., chaps tell us, in the Byzantine Bar of the Cosmopole.

In most cases the big boy is asking himself wearily if it's worth the time and trouble, since most *Snow Maidens*—often known as "Baby"—have very little to say to business men except "Oh, yes?", powdering their dainty frigid noses meanwhile. This upsets the big boy, who may likewise be furious because his private secretary, Rapson, is not standing behind him as usual. Rapson! Rapson! Where the hell—Oh, there you are. Take a memo, Rapson.

Memo:

Ring Fishy 7.30 re widget merger.
Find out about love (time-schedule basis).
Ring Rumbelgutz re Fenchurch Street gang.
Find out "Baby's" other name, fix wedding for Friday.
Fire Doggins.
Delete above, raise Doggins, cancel wedding, the hell with "Baby."
Fix wedding with Popsy, Tuesday.
Delete above, fire Popsy, delete Rumbelgutz.
Delete Fishy, find out about love (*priority*).
Fix wedding with "Baby," day after to-morrow (*provisional*).

Tired, unhoneved, agitated, irresolute, fumbling, nervous—can this be "Steel Pan" Whackerbath, scourge of the Money Market? What, rattled by a *Snow Maiden*? Oh, yes?

BRIGGS. . . . by Graham





Arctic Wind, after confounding the prophets who placed him low in the betting, has his photograph taken with his owner, Mr. Jack Thursby, from England. The winner was ridden by J. Mullane

A SURPRISE WIN marked this year's Irish 2000 Guineas at the Curragh, Arctic Wind beating the favourite, Tale of Two Cities, by a length-and-a-half over the one-mile course. The meeting had been marked by large and enthusiastic attendances



Capt. J. M. Rogers, who trained the winner, with the Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket, of Luttrellstown Castle



Mrs. Shirley, Lt.-Col. E. Shirley, the owner, and Mr. P. J. Prendergast, who trains on the Curragh



Lady Elizabeth More O'Ferrall with her husband Mr. Rory More O'Ferrall, and Mr. Nesbit Waddington, the owner, in the members' enclosure



Col. S. S. Hill-Dillon (centre), a Steward of the Irish Turf Club, with Major and the Hon. Mrs. T. G. Du Buisson, from Duleek, Co. Meath.

ST. GEORGE FRENGLAND, M.P.



"Furthermore, my friend . . ."

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

AT the wedding reception the father of the bride gazed sadly at his daughter talking to friends.

★ He sighed: "It's hard to lose a ★ beautiful daughter."

His friend, with much feeling, replied: "It's a darn sight harder to lose the plain ones."

IN one of the colonies, an official, wishing to test the honesty of his native houseboy, left a pound note on the table. The boy found it and dutifully returned the note to his master.

"Just because you are honest you may keep that as a token," said the official.

Every now and again the test was repeated, and the servant never failed to deliver the planted money. Each time the master told him, "You may keep it as a token of your honesty."

One day the official unwittingly left on the table his wallet containing several notes. It disappeared and there was no sign from the boy. So the master asked: "Did you find my wallet?"

"Yes, I did," said the boy.

"Well, where is it?"

"I kept it as a token of my honesty," answered the boy.

"MUMMY," chortled the little girl to her mother, "Daddy's lying on the porch. I think he's unconscious, and he's got a paper in his hand and there's a round box beside him."

"Oh, isn't that wonderful!" cried the lady. "My new summer hat has come."

"DARLING," said the newly-wed, "did you make these cakes with your own little hands?"

"Why, yes, dear," murmured his wife.

"Then who the dickens helped you to lift them out of the oven?"

At The Pictures

THE CRAWFORD ARMS

• Dennis W. Clarke •

EVERY senior American actress qualifies sooner or later for the job of saloon-proprietress in a Western. Now it is Joan Crawford's turn in *Johnny Guitar*. The starry eyes, the generous mouth are employed in a fruitless attempt to keep order among a rowdy Arizona clientele so busy quarrelling that no one has time to order a drink even.

Miss Crawford does the job in style in a wardrobe ranging from white tulle for evening wear to a colourful range of slacks for the rougher occasions. She has installed a luxurious saloon which will make her fortune when the projected railroad is built. Her presence is appreciated by the local bad men, but resented by local ranchers, and particularly by Mercedes McCambridge, who is also handy with a gun.

She is joined by Sterling Hayden, reformed gunman now dedicated to guitar-playing, and together they brave their way through as turbulent and improbable a series of hold-ups, gun-fights, bank robberies and lynchings as ever came out of the West.

Still, it is a treat to see her back on the screen, even if her acting ability is not seriously called on. In fact, director and cast work hard to entertain the adolescent in us all.

THE complete film version of the Commonwealth tour of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh is now on view as *Flight of the White Heron*. The rather far-fetched title is taken from the greeting of the Maoris.

It records the highlights of the tour. Seeing the entire itinerary covered like this, one comes away more than ever convinced of the great service the Queen did the Commonwealth, and what extremely arduous, never-ending work it must have been.

As for the film it is adequate, but rather episodic and wooden in style for so inspiring a subject. A little more imagination could have told us more of the peoples, the countries and the occasions the Queen attended.

"GATE OF HELL," the Japanese film, is a work of art and I am not surprised it won the Grand Prix at this year's Venice Festival. Connoisseurs must not miss it.

It is a mediæval legend of a chaste woman who sacrifices her life to save her husband from the sword of a Samurai maddened by love for her. The part is movingly played by Machiko Kyo, who was the heroine in *Rashomon*.

The film is suffused with a poetic quality such as we Occidentals have rarely succeeded in translating to the screen. As for the colour photography, you could stop the film at any point, cut the picture out and take it home and frame it, so beautiful are composition and colour.

I have always sensed some sort of a barrier between the Occidental and appreciation of Oriental art, in particular Oriental acting. This film scaled the barrier for me.



Joan Crawford and Sterling Hayden respectively favour a gun and guitar

RICHARD TODD plays Commander Guy Gibson, V.C., in *The Dam Busters*, an Associated British film based on the best-selling book by Paul Brickhill, which tells of the bombing of the Moehne and Eder dams by the R.A.F. during the war. When he is not filming, Richard Todd, one of our most accomplished young actors, likes to relax with his wife Catherine and their small son Peter (not to mention four dogs, two cats and five horses) at their country home near Maidenhead



H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh careers at speed to make a back-hand stroke at the Fernhurst goal. Left: Major J. P. Robinson (Fernhurst), following Lt. J. W. M. Maunder, R.N., and Lt.-Col. A. F. Harper (Mariners)

POLO AT ITS BEST was seen at Cowdray Park, when the Mariners won the Leaf Cup for medium handicap teams by beating Fernhurst 4-2 in the final. The game was very fast and ponies well-handled, and the large assembly of spectators saw the Duke of Edinburgh score a goal for the winning team



Lt.-Col. P. R. Tatham, polo manager at Cowdray, chatting with Mrs. Guy Mansell, a former polo player



Miss Judy Hawker discussing playing arrangements with Lt.-Cdr. R. E. F. de Pass, who scored a Mariners' goal



Miss Joan Sitwell and Capt. David Russell watching another of the games, Colts against Squirrels



Desmond O'Neill
Two debutantes, Miss Ann Norton-Griffiths and Miss Belinda Maclean, were studying a programme

Television

SWITCH NEEDS FIRMNESS

"WHY should I lead this Trojan Horse across our own threshold?" writes a correspondent, evidently one of the last Americans without a television set. Other horses will be within our walls this week when an Outside Broadcast unit goes to Ascot for all four days of the meeting.

But the problem of what we allow across our thresholds will be with us as long as television. Personally, I feel inclined to draw the line at dentistry by hypnotism as performed in "Panorama"; partly because of a conscientious objection to hypnotism, partly a physical dislike for close-ups of tooth extraction. Others felt that Mary Queen of Scots should not have been shown at the block in "You Are There." But some of the indignation may be for an incident in our history most people prefer to forget, and then congratulate themselves on our short historical memory. The next problem in this series will be Julius Caesar's at the Rubicon.

A less sinister guest than Wilfred Pickles would be hard to imagine, and his new request series, "Ask Pickles," is obviously set to become a national favourite. Pickles's seasoned professionalism is as precious as it is rare.

Kay Cavendish at the piano also succeeded in communicating some of her assurance to the viewer. But considering the opportunities the tiny screen offers a solo performer, astonishingly few really first-class cabaret turns are rounded up.

In the general dearth of all but the lowest comedians, Fred Emney's comfortable presence loomed large with promise of wit and humour in his new programme "Emney Enterprises."

AN old warning to actors used to be against sharing a scene with an animal or a child. I should like to add: "or an Indian." A programme which has grown on me fast and firmly is "Asian Club," whose Indian members have such poise and dignity as make European panellists and quiz-masters uncouth. In particular the chairwoman, Shakuntala Shrinagesh, is immensely impressive in her beauty, calm and exquisite English—less like a young Indian journalist than a patrician hostess. She was less well photographed—or made-up—for the "Press Conference" on the American ruling against race segregation in schools.

Both these programmes are nearly always worth seeing: "Asian Club" for the free and frank questions about live issues, "Press Conference" for the play of personalities between interviewers and interviewed.

DRAMA has been dull outside McCormick. I am setting my hopes on Harold Clayton's production of Chekhov's *Three Sisters*, for he made memorable TV drama of Mauriac's *Intruder*.

The real drama of TV has been, however, the inauguration of the European exchange programmes. It began quietly enough on a Sunday afternoon with a Fete de Flowers in Switzerland. (Lesson One: street processions are designed for CinemaScope rather than TV.)

An hour or two later European Radio made its real entrance into our homes, led magnificently by Italy: Rome, St. Peter's, the Rafael rooms at the Vatican, and the Pope in person, making clear his keen awareness of the importance of the occasion and the possibilities of international television.

The European programmes continue all month, though the content comes down to earth with football, cabaret, horse-racing and such international sports.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart



In Deinhard's cellars at Koblenz. The huge cask in the background is used for blending sparkling wine and contains over 2,200 gallons



The chef had produced his masterpiece—roast sucking pig; now he is toasted by Mr. Walter Steward, M.P., and Lord Fairfax. The hall in which the welcoming banquet was held is a magnificent replacement of that destroyed during the war



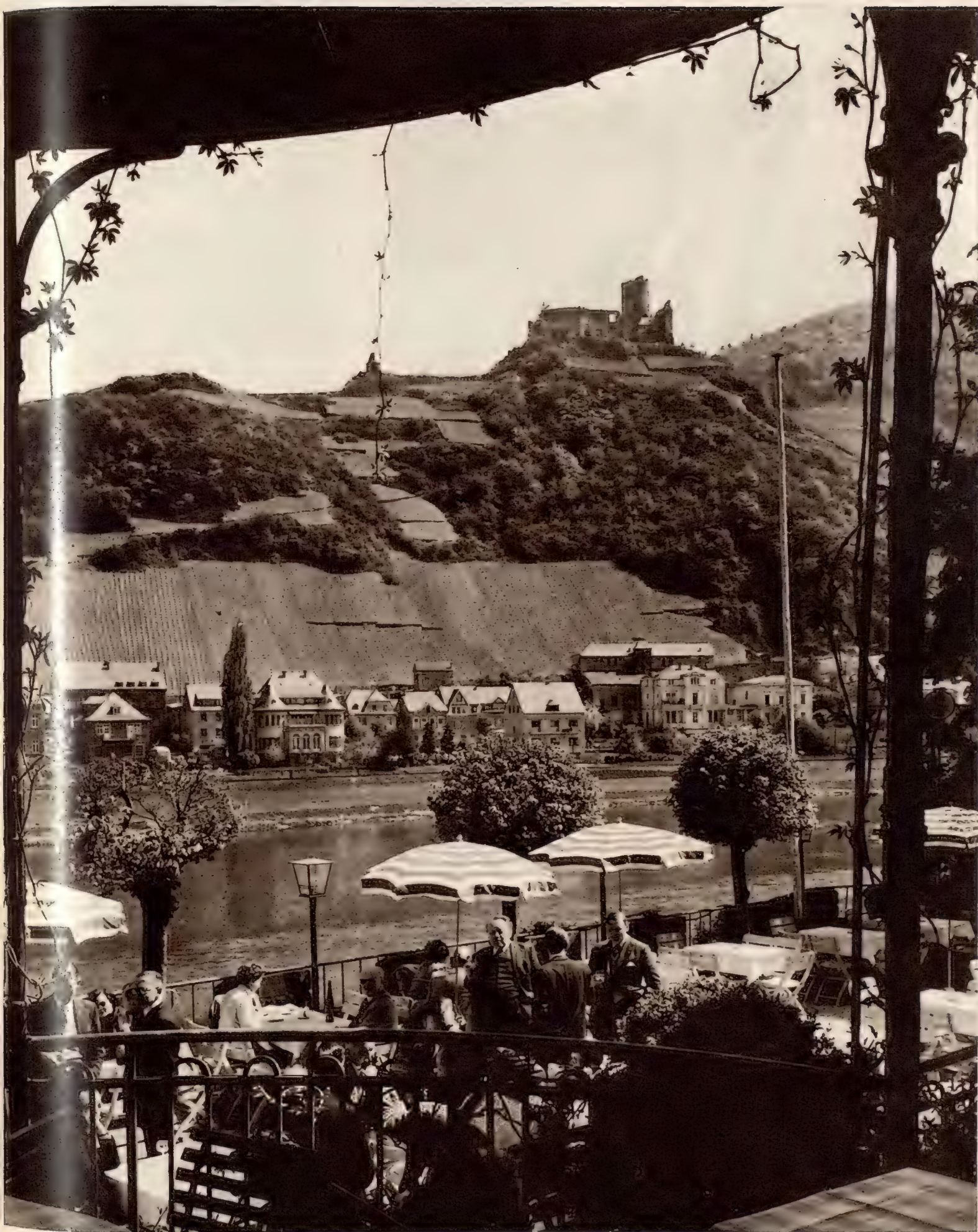
Market Square at Bernkastel, with its 17th-century half-timbered houses. In the foreground is the famous village fountain

ANNIVERSARY ON THE RHINE

A KNOWLEDGEABLE delegation of Members of Parliament and of the Press recently visited the Rhine and Moselle. For them there was the pleasure of tasting some of the finest German still and sparkling wines. The occasion marked the 160th anniversary of the famous London and Koblenz firm of Deinhard. Mr. Julius Wegeler, senior Deinhard partner, was later decorated by President Heuss, of the German Federal Republic, with the Grand Cross of the German Distinguished Service Order



On the sunlit Rhine: Mr. Alfred Hasslacher (London), Mr. Julius Wegeler and Mr. Heinz Hasslacher (Koblenz)



Sir Geoffrey Cory-Wright, Bt.

Bernkastel, with the ruined Landshut Castle, seen across the Moselle from the terrace of the Drei Königen Hotel. From this tiny town come some of the greatest wines—among them the superb and beneficent Doktor, originally so-named by an eminent divine, whose gout (he was convinced) was made to vanish after a sufficient libation



Clayton Evans

PAMELA FRANKAU is the author of a new novel, *A Wreath for the Enemy* (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), the Book Society choice for June. The extremely talented novelist-daughter of one of the most popular storytellers of the 'twenties, she has written some score of books, the latest but one being *The Winged Horse*

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

When the Legions Left India

"BHOWANI JUNCTION," by John Masters (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), is a powerful novel of India in the transition time, May 1946. Two of the central characters are Eurasian, and around the predicament of the hybrids, upon the eve of British departure, centres much of the interest of the story. Patrick Taylor, non-gazetted officer in the traffic department of the Delhi Deccan Railway, passionately adheres to the Union Jack—he wears an Anglo-Indian old school tie, is never to be seen without a topi (no Indians wear these) and calls Indians "Wogs."

His pigmentation gives him reason to hope that he may pass; and he lays himself open to cruel snubs by referring to unknown England as "home." Anxieties martyrize him, but conflicts not. Victoria Jones, on the other hand, feels herself torn between two races, to neither of which does she claim to belong.

THE story opens with Victoria's homecoming: Patrick, her pre-war suitor, is on the doorstep. She has been—indeed, still is, for this is leave pending demobilisation—a subaltern in the W.A.C. (I), and has spent the war working with British officers. Her lovable father, Mr. Jones, is an engine-driver on the Delhi Deccan; her mother secretly chews betel; her sister Rose Mary is a slut.

More than the difficulties of readjustment, however, confront fearless Victoria. At key-point Bhowani, as all over the country, the situation is growing tense: a return to the "non-violence"

conditions of 1942, train-wreckings and petrol-incinerations, is to be feared. Derailments, indeed, have begun again; one interrupts poor Patrick's renewing courtship. Strikes threaten, civil disturbance may at any moment come to the boil. Pro-Congress demonstrations are many, though thanks to Mr. Surabhai, up to now bloodless: more to be feared are the activities of K. P. Roy—once a Congress-man, now a Communist terrorist. K. P. Roy, in hiding, is in the neighbourhood.

ALL weighs heavily on the Collector—to Patrick's disgust, an Indian, educated at Cheltenham and Oxford—on English Lanson, the Collector's right-hand man, and Eurasian Williams, of the Railway Police. It has been some time—indeed, too long for Bhowani—since the last British regiment moved out—news that the 1st Battalion 13th Gurkha Rifles is to be expected here to maintain order is welcome. Alas, however, the Gurkhas' arrival is preceded by an outsize, typical muddle. Colonel Savage steps off the train and into the story in a flaming temper, which poor Patrick Taylor fails to improve.

With Rodney Savage (member, I understand, of a family which has already played a part in Mr. Masters' earlier novels) we have our third, and dominant, main character. He annexes Victoria—whose reaction against him had almost led her to marry Ranjit Kasel and become a Sikh. Before her yielding to Colonel Savage, Victoria has been forced to slay one of his officers. Macaulay, whose amorousness reached an extreme point, and the necessity to conceal her act puts her into the power of K. P. Roy, who begins to press her for information. This she

indeed commands; for her work with Savage involves the handling of Top Secret documents.

As you may gather, *Bhowani Junction* contains combustible matter, not least sex. So well done is the novel that one cannot hope to avoid a pun—this is masterly. Those for whom the situation in India circa 1946 had remained obscure should appreciate Mr. Masters' so clear picture. One cannot doubt this is fiction founded on fact. The overcharged atmosphere is well rendered. In the story itself, just possibly, too much happens? Though never fogged, one becomes somewhat stunned. I believe that this remarkable novel would still more strongly affect one's imagination were it less (if one may say so) congested.

ONE more point arises, that of narration. *Bhowani Junction* divides itself into parts, told, respectively, by Patrick, Victoria and Rodney Savage. In principle, as to points of view, this is or should be excellent. Patrick, rendered pathologically observant by suspicion, tension, race-snobbery and touchiness, is an ideal narrator—such a man misses nothing, and the inadvertent self-portrait is worth much.

When Victoria wields the pen, she is less convincing—true, she tells all, but her fascination declines: she is far better seen through the eyes of men. Colonel Savage also, I once or twice thought, should have stuck to being a man of action. The story itself at no point suffers; but dramatically these two main characters do. I also (perhaps a weakness) shrink from scenes of passion described in the first person—ought one to kiss and tell?

★ ★ ★

IN A WHITE HOUSE, by Jefferson Young (Constable; 10s. 6d.), the colour problem again appears—or rather, we see its restrictive effect on a blameless ambition rooted in a daydream. Albert Clayton, a Negro tenant-farmer, aspires to paint his ramshackle home white. What is against that, if one can find the money? Unfortunately, we are in Southern Mississippi, that "colour belt" of the American Deep South in which feeling runs all the more high from the fact that the whites are in the minority. Any uppity nigger is to be dreaded, and the painting (whatever colour) of one's house is an immediate symptom of being uppity. The innocent Albert, all unawares, brings himself up head-on against this prejudice.

Not that the paint is so much as bought. When we first meet Albert, his enchanting Louella (known as "Mama") and their young sons, Cooter and Daniel, only the preliminary is afoot. A calf has been bought, is to be fattened, and should by re-sale furnish cash for the paint. Talk of the project, however, has been enough—soon, boycott threatens the Clayton family.

[Continued on page 656]





"YOU MUST READ THIS BIT," says David Cole, studying *Timothy Tiptoes*, to his sister Daphne, an admirer of Mrs. Tittlemouse. They are the son and daughter of Major Geoffrey Cole, 1st Bn. Royal Lincs. Regt., who has been at the War Office since returning from Egypt, and Mrs. Cole



WE WELCOME HERE family snapshots submitted by readers, which we are confident will have an appeal to a wider circle of friends. The Editor is always pleased to see further contributions



BRIAN AND SARA FITZPATRICK, aged three and five years respectively, are the children of Col. G. R. D. Fitzpatrick, D.S.O., M.B.E., M.C., who was lately C.O., The Royals, in the Canal Zone, and is now at H.Q., Northern Army Group, B.A.O.R., and Mrs. Fitzpatrick



READY FOR THE PAGEANT are Rosemary, aged five, and Frank, three, the children of Mr. and Mrs. T. Learmonth Wright, of Mains House, Beith, Ayrshire



JUDITH CRAWFORD, three and a half, nurses her six-month-old brother Stephen. Their father, Mr. Henry J. P. Crawford, is Principal Assistant Secretary to the Governor of the Gold Coast, at Accra



ELEVENSES FOR LARRY are provided with expert hand by Anthony, two-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Leach, in the garden of his home, The Moat Farm, Limpsfield, Surrey



MOBILE CAKE—a railway engine made of confectionery—greeted Gavin Bremner, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bremner, of Strathkinnes, near St. Andrews, Scotland, on his recent fourth birthday





As an alternative idea for a really hot day we show this dark straw hat which is priced at £3 13s. 9d. The gunmetal pearl ear-rings are 4s. 9d.

Clever!

FOR OUR FASHION CHOICE THIS WEEK we chose this very pretty dress-maker suit by Hershelle for the woman who likes something a little less plain than absolutely classic lines. Made of coffee-coloured silk with large white spots, it has a cleverly draped shawl collar, which goes from shoulder to shoulder and is enormously flattering to anyone who has a too-small bust, whilst the stiffened, rounded-away pockets emphasize what is probably one of her better points—a very small waist. Priced at 12½ gns. this suit comes from Dickins and Jones of Regent Street, who supplied the accessories shown with it. In the large photograph the little white hat costs 4 gns. and the soft envelope-bag of cream leather, £5 12s. 6d.

—MARIEL DEANS



An enchantingly crisp white tucked organdie blouse to wear with your suit costs 81s. 11d. Two white bead necklets, worn as a bracelet, are 5s. each; the ear-rings, 25s.

DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

AM still recovering from half-term celebrations on part of E. at school. Custom decrees that he must be taken out on this occasion, and in past have always been content to voyage down in car, collect child, depart to one or other of neighbouring towns and spend time eating, shopping, and eating—a procedure which has always proved eminently satisfactory and little strain on imagination.

This time, however, am seized by sudden conviction that family is gradually splitting up—that older brother is losing touch with development of younger ones—and decide that what is needed is grand half-term family reunion, with picnic.

PLAN, therefore, vast suitable meal consisting of new French bread, tinned crayfish, hard-boiled eggs, lettuce, biscuits and Camembert, strawberries, coffee and lemonade, which seems to combine ease of presentation with variety and complete unlikeness to normal school or home fare. At last moment strawberries are not ripe and am forced to substitute tinned pineapple—no hardship in this as all children prefer tinned pineapple to all other foodstuffs.

Plans are slightly impaired by discovery



evening before that something has gone wrong with car again, so fundamentally that remedy will take days. Plans are hastily changed to coincide with rail transport, thus avoiding injured scene ("But you *promised!*") with B. and L. Everything is all set to meet B.B.C.'s gloomy comment in morning that rain is expected to spread over the British Isles from about noon on. Remark gaily that B.B.C. is usually wrong anyway, smothering personal conviction that this is only the case when warm spell prophesied, and return to job of dividing food into several parcels so that children do not break vacuum flasks and no one is unfairly burdened.

TRAIN speeds schoolwards, pursued by strong wind which thus ensures that periodic rain blizzards slashing windows will catch us up and be there when we get there, too. Swathed in mackintoshes, while husband assures me that this is better than pitiless sun glaring out of hard blue sky as in Foreign Parts, we plod onwards to greet

(Continued on page 648)



From Woollands of Knightsbridge comes this tiny hat of pale pink tulle and rosebuds. A little woman will find the upstanding *choux* adds inches to her height

Midsummer Madness

THE conventional "midsummer hat" suggests a cart-wheel, a huge Leghorn, a shady, romantic frame for the face, but the milliners have an alternative story. At midsummer come tiny, mad hats of an enchanting prettiness to set off a small and soignée head, perch gaily on top of a hot-weather hair-do, and crown wide summer skirts with an airy chic that belongs most truly to this season

—MARIEL DEANS



This wisp of scarlet chiffon whips up into a huge rose over the forehead. There is a sudden green leaf and stem. A copy of a Jacques Fath model, it comes from Debenham & Freebody's model millinery dept. The dress is by London Town

CONTINUING - DIARY OF A LADY . . .

housemaster, who informs us that E. can't bat and can't bowl but may be a pretty useful mid-off in a year or so—he hasn't heard any adverse reports on school work so gathers it must be all right. Housemaster goes on to commiserate about picnic weather, adding smugly that pitiless sun glaring out of hard blue sky would be worse.

Emerge from housemaster's study to find E. embarrassedly preventing younger children from walking on sacred House Grass, and repair to station waiting-room, only shelter, where we spread picnic meal on table, glared at enviously and disgustedly by other travellers. Family reunion not noticeably glad as children argue concentratedly over which has the largest bit of crayfish.

AFTER meal decide that to take train onwards towards coast can make matters no worse, and do so. En route get into conversation with eagle-eyed, suntanned type who informs us that ah, if we'd lived out East where sun glares pitilessly out of hard blue sky for months at time we'd appreciate soft



comfort of British rain. Spend rest of afternoon sitting in shelter on sea front staring at soft comfort of British rain amid heady fragrance of wet concrete, sodden paper bags, damp bathing suits and decaying seaweed. Family reunion considerably shaken by E.'s insistence on going swimming in rain-swept sea while younger children have failed to bring equipment—also by younger children interrupting all E.'s attempts at recitals of cricket averages and masters' eccentricities with vital communications of their own—also by younger children's obvious conviction that if brother away at school is presented with cash largesse to celebrate occasion, they must be, too.

CAN stand sight of grey sea and rain-pitted sand no longer and repair inland in search of food to pass another hour or so. Eventually chug back to school and deposit child, who remarks that it has been a super-wizard day but next time it would be better if we brought the car and a big flask of hot soup and if possible not the other children, because he hasn't been able to get a word in edgewise.

As we emerge from school gates sun bursts out, bathing puddles and soaking foliage and family's mackintoshes in diamond radiance. The next day younger children are so exhausted that they remain unfit for human companionship until teatime. Needless to say, by this time sun is glaring down pitilessly from hard blue sky. . . .

—Diana Gillon





John French

... Midsummer Madness

On the opposite page: "Les Palmiers," a streamlined palm leaf by Simone Mirman, is a wonderfully becoming piece of nonsense to wear from cocktail-party time onwards

Above: Madame Vernier's hyacinth-blue toque of plaited organdie has a matching blue veil. For a blue- or grey-eyed woman this small hat is a gloriously flattering affair



SHOPPING WITH JEAN CLELAND

Gloves for grand occasions. Black velvet with permanently pleated cuffs, 84s. Black velvet with taffeta cuffs edged gold beads, 55s. 6d. Black velvet with sequined gauntlet, 55s. 6d. From Debenhams & Freebody

Some Practical Frivolities

WITH midsummer, there comes a sudden urge to indulge in a bout of spending. If this is so, you may find something to suit your fitful fancy among the new and original things shown on these pages. Some useful, some just gaily frivolous, I have chosen a variety to fit the mood and the moment



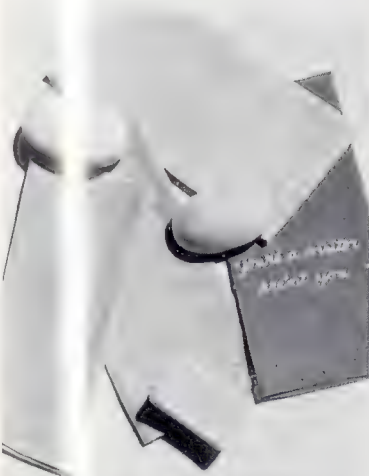
Elegance and grace return with this attractive Anniversary Clock. You can go away for as long as a year, or more, and come back to find it still ticking, for it only needs winding after 400 days. Price £11 7s. 6d. From Selfridges



May I give you a light, and a little music at the same time? What could be nicer, or indeed, more original. You can get this musical cigarette lighter from Selfridges, price £6 19s.



A good buy is this colourful eight-piece luncheon set in the very newest design which looks like paint brushed on from an artist's palette. It is inexpensively priced at 23s. 9d. From Harvey Nichols



Left: Even in the bathroom, "tousjours la politesse." These Irish linen guest towels, in gay colours and embroidered with bright sayings, are quite a new idea. They cost 8s. 6d. a pair from Debenham & Freebody



Right: Just look at the "dirty hands" on this towel! Don't worry, they are meant to be there, and are the very latest design from Horrockses, and exclusive to Debenham & Freebody, 24 by 48 in., price 18s. 9d. each



Knitting can be a profitable hobby if you can make your own dresses. The Passap-D practical hand knitter provides a quick and efficient way of doing this, as can be seen by the dress worn by the girl in the picture. For the initial outlay of £37 10s., it is a good investment, and can be had from Harrods

Dennis Smith

NEWS NOTEBOOK

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

WHAT every woman knows. That, alack, is a mis-statement. It *should* read: What every woman would *like* to know; and that is, how to present a tasty and imaginative meal with the minimum amount of trouble at a moment's notice. I discovered this secret at a party given to celebrate the reopening of the Canned Foods Advisory Bureau at 17 Wigmore Street.

Most of us have known that "sinking" feeling which comes when extra guests turn up unexpectedly on the very evening when we have arranged to have a cosy supper on a tray by the fire, or have ordered a couple of chops for husband and self. What to do? Tell them to go away? Unthinkable. Open a tin? How dull.

THAT is where you are wrong. Opening a tin (or several tins) can, in these days, be an exciting affair. With the Advisory Bureau's leaflet *Entertaining Without Fuss* in front of me, I can assure you that there is no end to the possibilities of *recherché* meals. "Chicken Soufflé," "Rissoto," "Lobster Casserole." All these and similar delicious dishes are within the range of the ordinary woman (speaking for myself) and can be tossed up quite easily even if you are on your own and without a cook.

If you live near enough to pay a visit to the Advisory Bureau, or are up in town for the day, you can go there and get all sorts of valuable advice. Otherwise, you can write in to 17 Wigmore Street, and ask to be put on their mailing list. You will then receive their Leaflet Recipes and other useful information.

★ ★ ★

SPEAKING of food, I have discovered a new insulated bag, a godsend for those occasions when you want to picnic with something a bit more elaborate than a packet of sandwiches, tomatoes and some hard-boiled eggs. With this, you can take hot or cold food, which in either case will *stay* hot or cold for as long as six hours. You cannot, of course, mix the two together. If you want to be really grand and have both hot and cold, you must buy two bags.

Apart from picnics, you can use them for shopping, and take home such things as hot pies, or frozen foods and ice-cream, confident that they will still be in perfect condition when you arrive there. Remembering the days of my youth, when I used to cycle two miles to the village shop to fetch ice-cream for the family, and recalling what it looked like on my return, I hail this invention with the greatest enthusiasm. The insulated bag costs £3 15s. and can be had from Harrods.

★ ★ ★

HARRODS, too, have something which puts an end to the remark "Bit tough isn't it?" when the family cut into the steak that has been so carefully prepared. This is a "meat tenderizer" which, most effective, is the juice from papaya, and can be bought for 1s. a bottle. No new idea this—so I am told—to the natives of the tropics, who, for years, have tenderized their meat by rubbing slices of papaya over it before cooking.

—J. C.

BEAUTY

PASTEL GREY SYMPHONY

I HAVE been going into the question of grey hair, in response to the many questions I get asked with regard to it.

As far as I can see, people are divided into two camps over this important subject. Those who like it—of whom I am one—and those who thoroughly dislike it; regard it as a sign that youth has fled, and old age, if not already a *fait accompli*, is definitely within sight.

This, of course—speaking of the second group—is sheer nonsense. Grey and white hair can be immensely attractive (why else did the ladies of the French Court wear powdered wigs?).

EVEN to a youthful face it can look highly elegant and infinitely becoming. I say “CAN” advisedly, because, to be really attractive, it must be well-groomed, well-shaped and meticulously neat. Whether or not it is shampooed at home, or in a salon, a good cut by an *EXPERT* hairdresser is essential, if it is to have the look of distinction which is the grey-haired woman's very powerful trump card.

Much can be done to enhance grey hair, with the right kind of make-up. Pale shades of rose, pale pink or cyclamen in rouge and lipstick look lovely. A touch of eye



In this new “Elfin” cut by Steiner of Grosvenor Street, the hair has been sprayed with Starmist, “Pink Orchid”

shadow in grey, mauve or blue, with blue instead of black mascara to go with it. Pastel shades in dress; grey in all tones, deep for the day, and pale to silver for the evening, to give a lovely symphonic effect.

Yes, providing the right treatment is given, there can be no doubt about the charm of grey hair. But if you still don't like it, then we must consider what is best to be done about it.

To get an expert opinion on this, together with answers to some of the other questions, I went along to talk with the well-known hair stylist and trichologist—Steiner of Grosvenor Street.

FIRST of all, I asked him if anything could be done to stop hair going grey. The answer was NO, except in those cases when a temporary greyness is due to illness. What is the best thing to do when the hair is in the unbecoming in-between stage (only faintly grey), to get rid of the pepper and salt look?

Can the greying process be hastened so that the whole head looks uniform and “all over alike?”

Here again the answer was firmly NO. You cannot lighten the dark parts of the hair (except by bleaching); all you can do is to use something like a gun-metal rinse to enhance and slightly darken the grey part. This reduces

contrast and makes it tone in with the rest of the head.

“It is my experience,” said Mr. Steiner, “that if a woman really dislikes grey hair, she yearns to change it. This can be done in two ways, either by means of a tint, or by a colour rinse.”

“What is the difference? A tint is simply another—and kindlier—word for a dye, and this is permanent. A colour rinse is effective until the next shampoo, when it washes out, although” warned Mr. Steiner, “some rinses do tend to leave a slight stain.”

Is tinting (or dyeing) at all risky? “Not,” said Mr. Steiner, “if done by an expert. In the case of my own salon, a test is always taken before proceeding with anything of the kind, and this makes it quite safe.”

There is another way of glamourizing grey hair and that is to spray it with Starmist, which high-lights a curl or a wave, or wherever you choose to apply it. Starmist comes in a variety of lovely shades, which are effective not only for grey hair, but other colours as well.

Before leaving, I took the opportunity of wishing “good luck” to the new Steiner hairdressing salon which has just been opened in Manchester, at the Midland Hotel.

—Jean Cleland



*Jewels
by
Garrard*



GARRARD & CO. LTD.

Crown Jewellers

formerly

THE GOLDSMITHS &
SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD.

112 REGENT STREET · LONDON · W.1 · TELEPHONE · REGENT 3021



Now! A 24 hour night and day beauty lift

HELENA RUBINSTEIN'S NEW Contour-Lift Film

**visibly 'lifts' and firms
sagging facial contours**

Only the genius of Helena Rubinstein could bring you CONTOUR-LIFT FILM—an *invisible* beauty liquid that *visibly* tightens, firms and smooths your skin 24 hours a day. Pat it on. Stroke it in. Instantly you'll feel its bracing action as sagging chin lines, flabby facial contours, puffy under-eye areas are toned, firmed, uplifted. Watch with delight as CONTOUR-LIFT FILM smooths out tell-tale, age-revealing lines around the eyes and mouth, crêpey wrinkles on the throat, for hour after hour.



Helena Rubinstein's exclusive new secret of younger-looking skin. Used night and morning — this supply will last for months. Price 30/-

Helena Rubinstein's CONTOUR-LIFT FILM contains rich penetrating oils, invigorating firming agents, and unique herbal extracts—a totally new idea in beauty treatments. Use CONTOUR-LIFT FILM by day under your make-up; and at night, after cleansing—to work for you 24 hours a day! You'll be richly rewarded now and through years to come.

DEEP CLEANSER. This remarkable new liquid cream purifies your skin three ways. It penetrates far deeper, removes both greasy and grimy dirt, and prevents blemishes. Always prepare your skin morning and night with Helena Rubinstein's sensational DEEP CLEANSER, 12/-.

Helena Rubinstein

3 Grafton Street, London, W.1 Paris New York

ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Mary D. M. Kendall, daughter of the late Mr. W. M. Kendall and of Mrs. B. Davies, of Hampstead, N.W.3, has announced her engagement to Mr. Byron N. Georgiadis, son of the late Mr. N. Georgiadis, of Kampala, Uganda, and of Mrs. Georgiadis, of Nairobi, Kenya



Yevonde

Miss Janet Wyndham Green, daughter of Lt.-Gen. Sir W. Wyndham Green, K.B.E., and Lady Green, of New Romney, Kent, is to marry Capt. John Talbot, R.H.A., son of Vice-Admiral Sir C. P. Talbot, K.C.B., and Lady Talbot, of Woking



Armstrong Jones

Miss Merriel Remnant, daughter of the Hon. Peter Remnant, M.P., and Mrs. Remnant, of Ipsden, Oxon, and Upper Brook Street, W.1, is engaged to Mr. James Wesley-Smith, son of Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Wesley-Smith, of Brook House, Sawley, nr. Ripon, Yorks



Lenare

LESCHALLAS—RENNER

At the Church of St. Mary, Liss, Hants, Mr. Anthony Pigé Leschallas, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Pigé Leschallas, of Watlington, Kent, married Miss Lindy Renner, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Renner, of Petersfield, Hants

THEY WERE MARRIED

The TATLER'S Review



HARPER—NEALE

Mr. Raymond Gerald Harper, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Harper, of Solihull, Warwickshire, married Miss Valerie Jean Neale, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Neale, of St. Helens Road, Solihull, at St. Alphege Church, Solihull



PAUL—MARLOWE

In the Crypt Chapel, Palace of Westminster, Mr. Lyon Balfour Paul, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. W. Balfour Paul, of Edinburgh, married Miss Carola Marlowe, of Carlisle Mansions, S.W.1, daughter of Mr. Anthony Marlowe, Q.C., M.P., and Mrs. Marlowe



ADAMS—LAWRENCE

Mr. Philip Adams, son of Dr. and Mrs. G. Adams, of The Warren House, Wotton-Under-Edge, Glos, married the Hon. Elizabeth Lawrence, daughter of Lord and Lady Oaksey, of Hill Farm, Oaksey, nr. Malmesbury, Wiltshire, at All Saints' Church, Oaksey



FRASER—BELL

At St. Kessog's Church, Auchterarder, Mr. Rowland Lovat Fraser, son of Mr. W. Lovat Fraser, of King James Place, Perth, and the late Mrs. Fraser, married Miss Lilian Mary Bell, daughter of Sir Frederick Bell, of Chapelbank, Auchterarder, and the late Lady Bell



**HARVEY
NICHOLS**

Flower-cooled cotton, taking a sun-happy shape; green, pink, yellow, turquoise, tan or stone, all with black and white.

Bust 34-40 **Exclusive to us 8½ gns**

Sportswear: First Floor

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO LTD OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE AND BOURNEMOUTH

Passed your 20th birthday? You need a night creme!

New VITAMIN-ENRICHED creme!
Works while you sleep
you wake to a fresher,
younger-looking skin!



Revlon's new 'WAKING BEAUTY'

Ultra-enriched night treatment

'Waking Beauty' is the first major discovery in night treatment in years! You could not possibly confuse 'Waking Beauty' with any other night creme once you have used it.

You will thrill to the change in your skin, with the very first application of this new flowing creme! Your complexion seems to take on a completely new look—firmer, smoother, younger-looking.

For extra dry skin

'Waking Beauty' is specially made to smooth away dryness and flakiness, those danger signs that are nature's wonderful way of telling you, "Young lady, you do need skin care—better start before it's too late!" Dry skin fairly "drinks in" this totally *different* flowing night creme!

Vitamins attack age lines

The older woman will find that the quick penetrating action of 'Waking Beauty' seems to "fill in" worrisome lines, tiny wrinkles, squint lines—smooths out "slack". You are going to notice *almost at once* that your skin appears to look "fuller"—to have a resilient "cushion" of youthful beauty.

Vitamins make the difference

'Waking Beauty' is entirely new. It contains not one, but *three* beauty-giving vitamins—Vitamins A, D and E—each in perfect balance to give your skin ideal care. Now, you can wake to each day and laugh at wind and sun—laugh at overheated homes—laugh at age and worry lines. You will look into the mirror—and think you have turned back the clock!

No matter what your age

The earlier you start insuring your beauty the better . . . so why wait! 'Waking Beauty' is so easy to use—just smooth on and leave on while you sleep—that's all. You can't afford to be without it!

Also available
with Hormones.



Matched luggage by REVELATION



For a woman who takes a pride in her appearance, there's just no sense in travelling with an odd collection of bits and pieces. So she wheedled a set of matched Revelation luggage out of her husband. How delighted she is with its sleek and splendid appearance! How perpetually astonished at its smartness, lightness and ease of packing.



There are 14 matching sets of REVELATION LUGGAGE at all prices. The set illustrated is in fawn-brown fabric with contrasting binding. Other pleasant colour schemes are available in fabrics, fibres and fine leathers — and there is matched Revelation Luggage for men too.

'REV-ROBE' TRAVEL CASE

Dresses travel on hangers, with tray-lid for shoes, undies, etc. The tapered model illustrated costs £9.19.6. Other models from 89/6. Men's Rev-Robes from 99/6.

'REVELATION' SUITCASE

Contracted, it's just right for a week-end. Expanded, it holds all you want for a month. The model illustrated costs £7.9.6. Other models from 59/6.

'WEEK-ENDERS' and 'TRAIN CASE'

The neat Week-ender above costs £6.5.0, and the handy Train Case 92/6. There are Week-enders from 95/-, and there are Train Cases from 39/6.

STORES AND LUGGAGE SHOPS IN YOUR TOWN STOCK

REVELATION LUGGAGE

makes packing easy!

REVELATION SUITCASE CO. LTD., 170 PICCADILLY, W.1 Agents for Revelation Supplies Ltd.

Book Reviews (Continuing from page 642)

DIGNITY AMONG THE SHACKS

This is not, I should like to state, yet another darkling story of persecution. A WHITE HOUSE is a tender and hopeful idyll—dead must be the heart this tale could fail to engage! Albert, lovingly-mockingly known as "Prince," is a man sweetened by his ideal: years ago, a comely white home caught his passing eye; it remains a symbol of all he desires to give his dear ones. Albert's optimistic father had, by example, inspired him to see the world as a good place, mankind as kindly. No amount of warnings from fellow coloured folk, no amount of threats from enraged white men will induce our friend to believe that his way is barred. "Folks like to see a man do the best he can," he said aloud, and he lifted his head and began to whistle.

A family-life story, this is set in the Clayton's two-roomed shack with the crazy front porch, and in the cotton-fields, pinewoods and river-country around. The language is of a living simplicity; best of all, perhaps, are the conversations. Cooter inveigling the calf across the river; Albert getting supper for his boys; Albert reasoning with Louella in the firelight; the grandmother's well-attended funeral—such scenes stay humanly in one's memory. Those who have travelled in Mississippi may recall those many humble shacks leaning, dust-coloured, on the sunny, dust-hazed air—those who have not may, from this book, evoke them; and with them, the dignity of the people. . . . *A White House* should survive as a small classic.

★ ★ ★

OLD MEN HAVE GREY BEARDS, by Leopold Louth (Chapman and Hall, 9s. 6d.), is, too, to be recommended: a shocking comedy! English country life as now it is lived affords a number of likely targets—the "neo-farmers" and their expensive activities in particular. Belle of the Trumperty country (that long-suffering hunt by now expert in wire-cutting) is our heroine Susan, not of the farmers, the yeomen or the County but floating in a nebula between all three—caustic in speech, sumptuous in form, and with eyes which appear to know more than can be good for her. Streamlining at impeccable Hoedown School has not impaired this girl's earthy humours: when, at the Trumperty and Beresoke Agricultural Show, the Honorable Neville Fifehead raises his hat to her, with a hitherto-all-conquering smile, our hero is meeting more than his match. Marriage, which follows, by no means concludes the story.

Neville, possessor, we are told, of most of the attributes of the good Guardsman—"an admirable physique and stature and a comfortably mediocre brain atrophied by years of dormancy"—is from now to be wedded to agriculture: his father Lord Mortice, that wicked earl, having made over to him an unpromising farm. The earl's own devotion to rabbit-culture is by now somewhat upon the wane, leaving him looking for some new outlet: this is to be supplied, unfortunately, by a local festival of arts, sponsored by Lord Mortice's heir, Lord Rigor, an aesthete. One way and another, this old, unregenerate peer (who is, among other things, hereditary Comptroller of the King's Costards, which entitles him to the use of a coach-and-four whenever caprice takes him to London), steals the picture—finally worsening, even, his doughty daughter-in-law Susan.

Sometimes this tale is satire, sometimes farce—none the worse, at that, for a touch of bawdiness. None the worse, either, for being short. *Old Men Have Grey Beards* bids fair to be one of this summer's talked-about books. Try it.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

TWO weeks ago I commended to your notice the Arthur Fiedler, Boston Promenade Orchestra recording of "Popular Movements From The Symphonies." This time I would draw your attention to a set of four records in the same class but introduced under the general heading of "Tunes For Children."

Most of the music is traditional, the remainder includes pieces by Purcell, Beethoven, Handel, Loeillet, Jeremiah Clark and Ole Bull. The arrangements have been made by Roger Fiske, whose work in broadcasting, especially in connection with children, deserves the highest praise. The music is played by a group of musicians electing to call themselves simply an Instrumental Ensemble. On each side there are three or four tunes, separately banded so that any one can be repeated at will, and the selection and interpretation has been made with the knowledge that children, and especially young children, find difficulty in enjoying the more protracted performance of a longer work.

These records serve three purposes: they may be played as entertainment, they may be used for very junior children for quiet listening or as a background to movement, whilst their third service is one for older children who have reached the primary school stage, who will be able to identify the solo instruments and accompany the recordings with their own percussion. The scoring of the chosen pieces, which are all tuneful and rhythmical, ranges from a solo instrument with piano to a small orchestra. It is worth noting that these excellent records may also be used in conjunction with the Oxford School Music Books (Junior) by Roger Fiske and J. P. B. Dobbs. (H.M.V. B.10658-61.)

Robert Tredinnick

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY: This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: That it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2/-, and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Presents of first importance

£7. 7. 0



No gift is of quite such
significance in the life

of a child as the first. Choose your

Christening Gifts at Mappin and Webb's

beautiful showrooms where charming designs,

some of which bear nursery rhyme motifs,

are allied to a quality of craftsmanship that

expresses so much in a gift of this kind.

£12. 15. 0

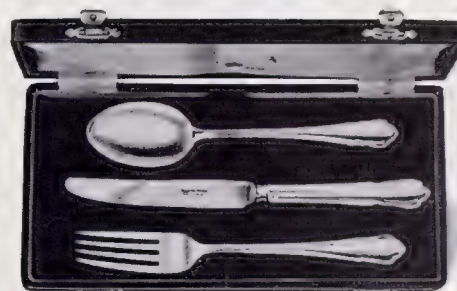


£11. 0. 0

Articles
Illustrated
STERLING SILVER



£ 12. 6



£7. 5. 0

MAPPIN AND WEBB LTD

LONDON SHOWROOMS:

172 REGENT ST., W.1; 156-162 OXFORD ST., W.1. 2 QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.4.

SHEFFIELD: SHOWROOMS, NORFOLK ST., MANUFACTORY, QUEEN'S RD.

PARIS BIARRITZ BUENOS AIRES RIO DE JANEIRO JOHANNESBURG BOMBAY



BY APPOINTMENT

Mintons Ltd., China Manufacturers to the late King George V

MINTON

The World's
Most Beautiful
China

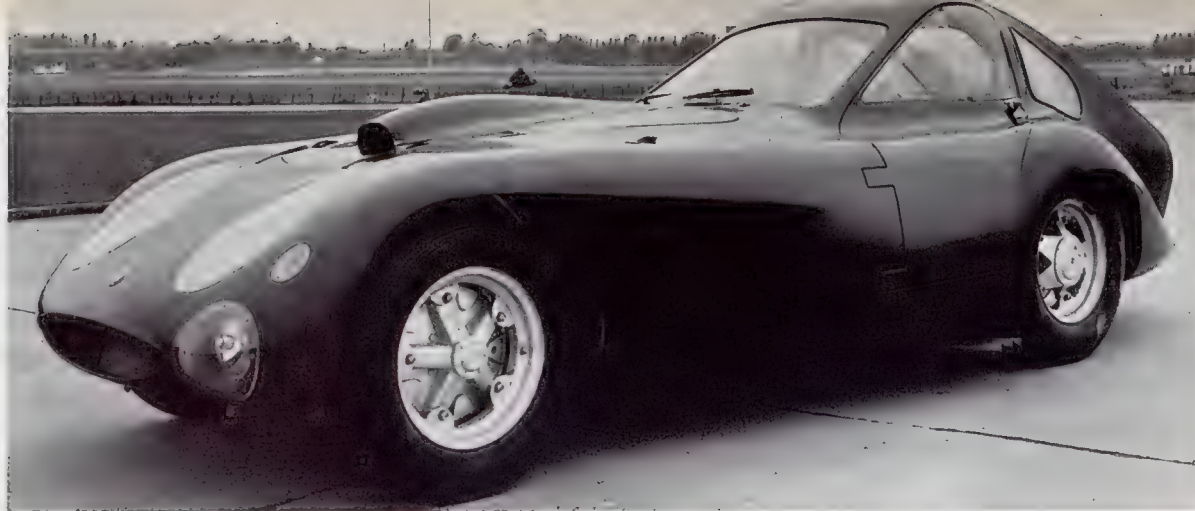
MINTONS LTD

STOKE-UPON-TRENT

EST 160 YEARS



Exquisite sheets, pillowcases and towels by
Horrockses
the Greatest Name in Cotton



The TATLER
and Bystander,
JUNE 16, 1954

THE ULTRA-STREAMLINED BRISTOL 450, as entered for this year's Le Mans, has been considerably improved since last year when, at Montlhery, it established six new international Class E records. As well as ensuring a good superficial air flow, the body design shows special attention to lightness and efficient cooling

Motoring

Oliver Stewart

Lindley's Moving Mountain

MY press and publication dates straddle Le Mans, where I hope to be soon after writing this article. In such circumstances I am tempted to follow the example of the local newspaper reporter who wrote a thrilling account of a ceremonial parade before it happened and whose newspaper likewise printed it prematurely.

But I feel that I should look in vain for the editorial hardihood which kept the type standing and reprinted the whole thing when it *had* happened! So apart from wishing the British entrants good luck, especially the Jaguars and the Bristols, I shall reserve my comments until a much later date.

Meanwhile there has been M.I.R.A. (the Motor Industry Research Association) and Aintree. I personally cannot join in the chorus of praise for the new high speed testing track at Lindley. Brooklands was built long before World War One; it was longer and wider than the M.I.R.A. track and it enclosed a useful test hill. True the Lindley track is perfectly smooth and Brooklands was far from smooth; but one might have thought that, after the passage of about half a century, we could have expected evidence of greater progress.

I feel that the lack of a test hill at Lindley is a serious defect. In fact it is a faintly satirical point that M.I.R.A. has a highly complicated and expensive power-absorbing trailer intended to reproduce "up-hill conditions." Hills are so hard to find that, instead of incorporating one in the track as they did years ago, we now create a form of synthetic hill. It is like what they do with our bread. M.I.R.A.'s track is not, of course, to be used for anything so vulgar as racing or even for the preparation of racing cars. My view is that Brooklands, created for racing, had better test track facilities than Lindley.

BAD weather marred almost everything but the racing at the opening meeting of the new course at Aintree. The attendance was not up to what had been hoped. But the racing was excellent and the circuit promises to be one of the best in the country. I feel sure that the *Daily Telegraph* people will not

be put off by the small attendance and that they will continue to support this track. They are doing a valuable service to motor sport in so doing and I think that if the right kind of entries can be secured, they will be able to draw sufficiently large numbers of spectators in the future.

It is not that the entries for the opening meeting were not good. We had some of the best drivers and cars in this country taking part. But there was almost no international element. At Goodwood a reasonable attendance can be secured without the promise of hard-fought international racing. People go there because they like the place. But by switching a Goodwood collection of cars and drivers to Aintree one cannot draw the people of the district.

At Silverstone this is understood. The two events sponsored by the *Daily Express* are designed to exhibit international rivalry. Aintree must contrive to do the same. I am convinced that if the right kind of racing can be arranged for this very promising course, Aintree will prove every bit as crowd-compelling as Silverstone.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to tell me that something I wrote a short time ago caused him to fail to pass his driving examination. The point at issue was turning to the left into a narrow side street from a broad main street where the kerb radius is extremely short. I mentioned that no car with front steering can avoid separate tracking of the rear wheels. Even with the shortest wheelbase the rear wheels will fail to follow the front when the steering is locked over.

Now if a driver wishes to turn into that narrow side street he must either move out from the left kerb before he locks over, or he must swing out to the right hand side of the street he is entering or he must allow the rear wheels of his car to

mount the pavement. In my view it is utterly wrong to swing out in the side street and it is equally wrong to allow the rear wheels to mount the pavement. So it becomes unavoidable to swing out a bit before locking over. The amount of the swing (and "swing" is perhaps an unfortunate word) must be dependent upon the lock of the car, its wheelbase and the width of the road.

My correspondent says that he followed my advice and was told by the examiner that in no circumstances should he ever swing out before taking a left turn. Now, I understand what the examiner was intending to convey. He was warning the driver against sudden drastic change of course before the turn. But basically the examiner was asking the impossible. He was asking the driver to handle his car in such a manner that rear wheels followed front. And we know that just does not happen.

I CAN see both sides of this question. But it is clear enough that the examiner should not have been dogmatic upon it. If the examination was being conducted in a car with the wheelbase of a Morris Minor, the outward creep from the left kerb before locking over need be small; but if it was a big Pullman saloon the outward creep must be considerable. Failure to remember this leads to many battered gate posts.

I was so worried by my correspondent's allegation that any advice I had ever given should have "caused" him to fail in his test, that I took the matter up with the Chief Examiner at the Ministry of Transport. I have had a most courteous reply and I am relieved to know that examiners should appreciate the point I made and that the need to creep out from the kerb so as to enable the car to be kept well in to the left in the street it is entering is thoroughly well recognized. So I think my correspondent was failed as much for a confusion in interpretation as anything else.

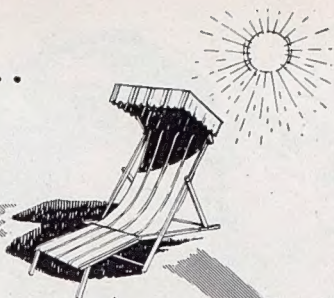
LEADING aviation personalities gathered at the Royal Automobile Club to see Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, Secretary of State for Air, present the Segrave Trophy to Squadron Leader Neville Duke. I saw Sir Thomas Sopwith there and he revealed to me

one rather interesting fact. He has been a Rolls-Royce owner all through the years during which Lord Hives has been with that great company. Sopwith's present Rolls-Royce is a fairly old one; but he is interested in the automatic gear-box and they are in fact trying one in an Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire as an experiment.



ROY DAVIS.

For sultry occasions...



Make friends
with
Martell
BRANDY

with iced ginger ale or soda

THREE STAR
(for the long drink)

CORDON BLEU
(fine Liqueur)

The Sherry that's now
so popular



WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S
CARLITO
REGD.

Amontillado
Sherry

SPAIN'S BEST

-produced by the
famous **DRY SACK**
people



Why the *Eagle*
is by far the best
tyre for your car



Big cars put extra burdens on tyres. That's why the Eagle by Goodyear is by far the best tyre you can fit. Special construction makes it stronger through and through. Its carcass is built with Rayotwist cords to give it resilience and greater resistance to heat, shock and strain. The tread is tougher to combat fast starts, high speeds and quick stops. Buttressed sidewalls protect it from kerb scuffing and make cornering far steadier. And its proved All-Weather tread gives greatest grip on any road surface. In short, the Eagle provides the utmost in mileage, luxurious riding comfort and long life — the best choice for the bigger car.

THE
Eagle

by

GOODYEAR

THE ULTIMATE IN CAR TYRE QUALITY

PARIS

We stepped straight into the atmosphere of Paris in the Epicurean at London Airport. They gave us an aperitif and then Caviare, Poularde de Bresse en Chaud-Froid with Salade Rachel, cheese and the most delightful pâtisserie.

Nothing would stop them filling our Champagne glasses. It seemed a shame we were in one of the new Viscounts, for we got to Orly in less than an hour. As our Travel Agent told us, the £16 return was well worth it.

Some Tourist return fares from London:

PARIS £13
(offpeak £11; Epicurean Viscount £16)
MARSEILLES £29.9.0
NICE (day) £29.15.0; (night) £26.10.0
BARCELONA £36.11.0
PALMA £40.14.0; ROME £47.14.0
From Manchester slightly more.

Illustrated brochures on request

AIR FRANCE

HAYMARKET,
LONDON, S.W.1
WHITEHALL 4455

AP 37

For friends at home and overseas...

... a subscription to THE TATLER makes a splendid, long-lasting gift—and it's so easy to give!

Twelve months | Home: £5.16.6
Overseas: £5.18.6
Canada: £5.14.0

Your newsagent will arrange a subscription, or write to: The Publisher, Ingram House, Strand, London, W.C.2



KYNOCH

of KEITH SCOTLAND

EST. 1788

CLOTHS
SCARVES
● RUGS

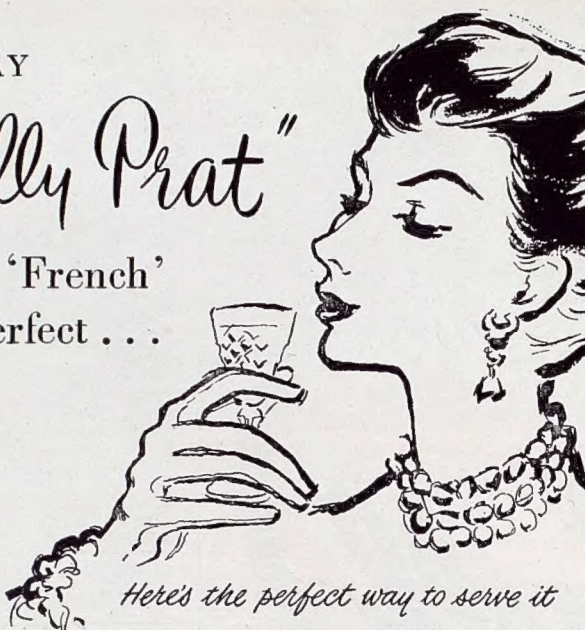
KYNOCH

28 OLD BURLINGTON ST. W.1.

SAY

"Noilly Prat"

and your 'French' will be perfect...



Here's the perfect way to serve it



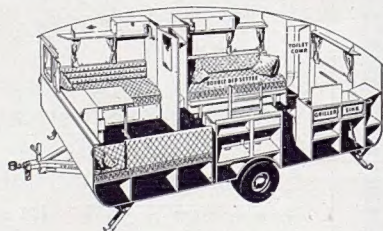
- ☆ Gin and French. $\frac{1}{2}$ Gin, $\frac{1}{2}$ Noilly Prat.
- ☆ Dry Manhattan Cocktail. $\frac{2}{3}$ Whisky, $\frac{1}{3}$ Noilly Prat. Add ice and shake.
- ☆ Diabolo. $\frac{1}{2}$ Noilly Prat, $\frac{1}{2}$ Cognac, dash Orange Bitters.
- ☆ Short Noilly Prat. Neat with a zest of lemon peel squeezed into the vermouth, then dropped into it.
- ☆ Long Noilly Prat. Pour two fingers of Noilly Prat into a tumbler, add ice, top with soda.

BLENDED & BOTTLED IN THE LARGE BOTTLE IN FRANCE

NOILLY PRAT

—by insisting on Gin and Noilly Prat you ensure getting Gin and 'French'

You MUST LOOK INTO THE ECCLES



Send for illustrated leaflets describing the "Famous Five" Caravans of our 1954 range—"Coronet," "Coronation," "Alert," "New Democrat" and "New Imperial."

ECCLES (BIRMINGHAM) LTD

122 HAZELWELL LANE • STIRCHLEY • BIRMINGHAM, 30

NEW DEMOCRAT

This 16 ft. 6 in. living/touring caravan once again illustrates the outstanding superiority of Eccles design and craftsmanship in its price range. Built to sleep four people in luxurious comfort in a spacious, well-lighted interior, the "New Democrat" includes every refinement and convenience. An unobtrusive toilet compartment can be fitted as an extra.



FOR Acid Indigestion

SO QUICK to relieve acidity

SO PLEASANT to taste

SO HANDY for pocket or bag

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' TABLETS

(REGD.)

30 Tablets 1/4 $\frac{1}{2}$ • 75 Tablets 2/9 • 150 Tablets 4/9

A PROVEN PRODUCT OF THE CHAS. H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., LTD.

The Gayest spot

ON THE RIVIERA!

Imagine yourself in this paradise of flowers, gaiety and sunlit beaches... revelling in the golden climate... swimming in the cool blue Mediterranean. Naturally you'll stay at the 'Metropole' to make the pleasure complete. What better centre—only a minute from the Casino and Sporting Club. Rooms and suites overlooking the Mediterranean... wonderful food... service that excels. What more could one want?

Information & Reservation from A. SCHECK (Gen. Manager)

Tel: Monaco 01744



Reservations can also be made through the May Fair and Grosvenor Hotels, London

Hotel Metropole MONTE CARLO

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

ONE OF OUR 7000 CHILDREN



Our family depends on You for daily food. Please send a Gift of any amount.

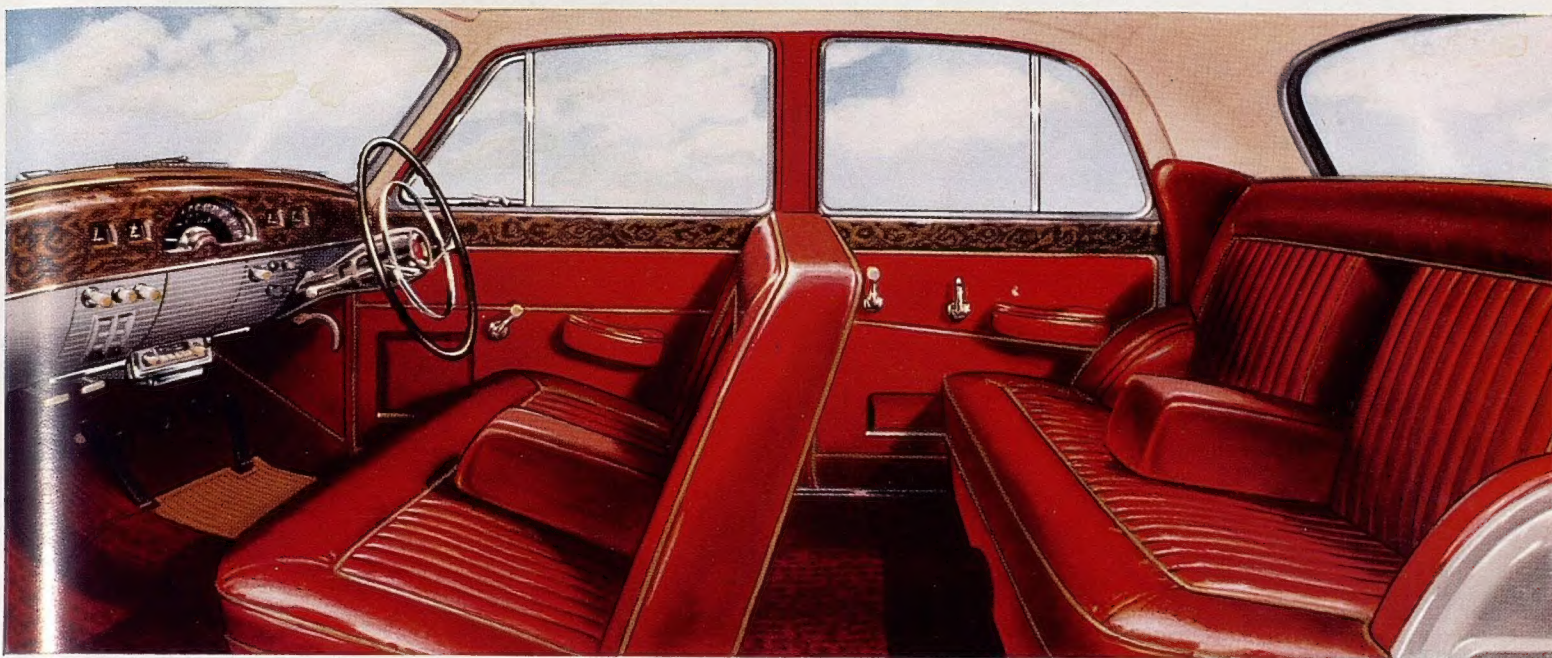
10/- would be a great help.

Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," should be posted to 330 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

Visit your nearest Barnardo Home on

BARNARDO "OPEN DAY"
SATURDAY, JUNE 26TH

NOW with a greatly enriched interior



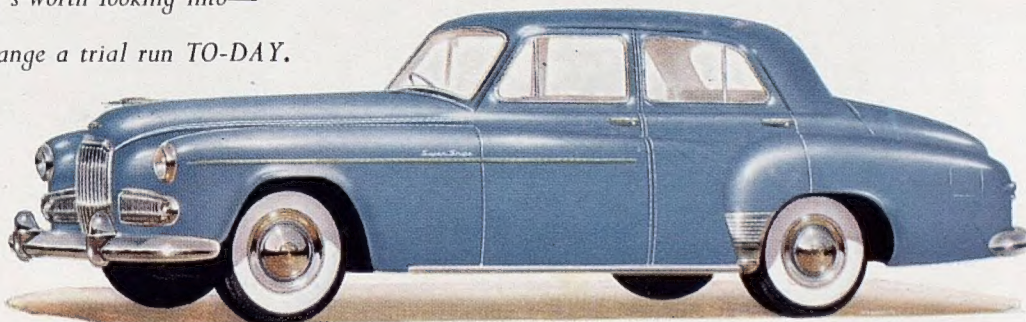
at the same price!

Still as fast . . . still as elegant . . . and so much more comfortable! Sit back and revel in the armchair comfort of the newly styled seating and enjoy the luxury of the beautiful new walnut facia and door fittings. Now the last word in refinement . . . and the price remains the same. *It's worth looking into—* phone your Humber dealer to arrange a trial run **TO-DAY**.

- WALNUT INSTRUMENT PANEL
- WALNUT DOOR CAPPINGS
- GREATLY IMPROVED COMFORT SEATING
- CORNER HEAD AND SHOULDER RESTS
- FRONT BUCKET SEATS OPTIONAL EXTRA



BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI
MOTOR CAR MANUFACTURERS • HUMBER LTD



£985 Plus p.t. £411. 10. 10 White-wall tyres, optional extra.

HUMBER SUPER SNIPE

A PRODUCT OF THE ROOTES GROUP

HUMBER LIMITED COVENTRY LONDON SHOWROOMS AND EXPORT DIVISION: ROOTES LTD. DEVONSHIRE HOUSE PICCADILLY LONDON W.1

THE LANGUAGE OF THE FAN

Cussons

FIFTH OF SERIES



A VERY FINE late 17th century Italian fan, hand painted "au pointille" on chicken skin with a design of Venus and Bacchus. When rested against the left

cheek as shown, the message of the fan is "No!" Colour photograph by courtesy of J. Duvelleroy, reproduced for your pleasure by the makers of

Cussons

IMPERIAL  LEATHER

TOILET SOAP

LUXURY
THAT LASTS



Booklet "The Language of the Fan" available on request to

CUSSONS SONS & CO. LTD, 84 BROOK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON W1